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THE 'LIVELY PEGGY.'

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CHAPTER XXII.

AUGUSTA for the first time in her experience was inclined to criticise her father. She had cast in her lot with him, she had separated herself from her sister, she had been guided in all things by his wishes. And though she had not felt as keenly as he had the importance of removing the Blighs to a distance, of the principle which underlay his action—that the good should be rewarded and the naughty suffer—she had thoroughly approved. But of late she had come to think his methods lacking in finesse, and the tactless manner in which he had dealt with Sir Albery—and offended him—had shocked and dismayed her.

Nor was that the only thing that shook her faith in him. She could not but remark that he had become in these days strangely unlike himself. He had grown moody and irritable, and more than once he had turned on her—his faithful and dutiful daughter—and without cause had rent her.

Still Augusta's temper was equable and her principles were fixed, and though her faith in her leader was shaken she was not as yet prepared to abjure him. When Charlotte therefore came in one morning about this time and made a certain request, she was firm. No, she could not, she said. Whatever her own wishes, as long as her father—she owned a duty to him. The rest, Charlotte had heard before. She became personal, and left in a huff.

But when she was gone and the thing done, Augusta did not feel quite so sure of the wisdom of her answer. That her father would have directed her to reply as she had replied she hardly doubted; but that was not all, she reflected. He was not always wise, or he would not have dealt with Sir Albery as he had. The longer indeed Augusta dwelt on the matter the more her mind misgave her.

If the windows of the drawing-room had looked on the churchyard instead of on the sea, she would have felt her doubts as good as justified. But the outlook told her nothing, and she had no warning vision of the pair who, meeting as if by arrangement, stood long in conference at the farther end of the churchyard wall. As a fact, no arrangement to meet had been made, but a common object had brought the two thither and the meeting surprised neither.

'And she won't go to her sister?' Wyke tapped the wall impatiently as he spoke.

'No! I said all that I could, but she is more Augusta than ever! I declare,' Charlotte continued viciously, 'I could beat her!' He smiled. 'I don't think that that would do much good.'

'It would do me good! Not that I ought to abuse her, I suppose,' Charlotte continued, with a hurried glance at her companion. 'No doubt she thinks it right, or she wouldn't do it.'

'I suppose so. But you will go, Miss Bicester?'

'Of course, I shall go, the moment Bligh leaves her. Oh, I do think life is hard!' Charlotte continued. 'That child left like this! He ought not to go! He ought not to go!' she repeated with passion.

'I am far from sure of that,' Wyke replied. 'Indeed, I think I am of their opinion. He has so much to gain by going.'

'And she everything to lose!'

'But something to gain, too,' he said soberly. 'At any rate she thinks so. And, after all, six weeks——'

'Six eternities!' Charlotte exclaimed. 'Forty-two days, and every day a terror, every hour one long listening, watching, waiting! Every step that comes, the step of one who brings bad news! Think of it, when a woman loves! But men don't think,' Charlotte said, a sting in her tone. 'They don't think. They don't understand!'

Wyke looked at her curiously. 'Yet you understand!' he said.

She coloured to her brow. For a moment she seemed to be so confused that she could not speak, and when she spoke her reply was brusque. 'Well, I'm a woman as much as another—though you may not think it,' she said.

'My dear Miss Bicester!' he protested, surprised by her tone, 'I did not mean to offend you. I only wondered——'

'You didn't mean——' she took him up hurriedly. 'Of course

not. Of course you didn't. But you see I'm—I'm so savage on Peggy's account, I must fly out at someone. She has so few friends, poor girl !'

'And you are so good a friend !'

She looked away, some of the colour still in her face. 'Well, it is all that I can be,' she said bluntly, 'to any one ! A friend. So I try to be a good one. Anyway, Sir Alberty, you may count on me. I will go to her as soon as he leaves her. But, good gracious, talk of the devil, here the man comes !'

He did, and alone, for a wonder ; striding towards them with hurried steps, plucked for a brief moment from the turmoil and frenzy of the Cove, where watching crowds fringed the beach, and boats splashed ceaselessly 'twixt brig and shore, and sailors stamped and winches squealed, and confusion reigned, with Barney's curses driving through it like a plough ! Bligh came from all this and from pressing cares and labours—respited, too, for just this moment, from the leave-taking that weighed his spirits down like lead, that one instant he would fain have had behind him and over, and that the next was the atom of time the most precious, the most poignant, the dearest ; the moment upon which he must look back with heart-break through many a lonely watch ! Since daybreak he had not seen Peggy. He had had no word with her. He had been hailed this way and that, called here and summoned there ; he had stowed, tallied, checked, enforced orders, slung tipsy Jacks below, been merged in a hundred tasks. But never had he forgotten the parting to come ; and many times, with his eyes busy and his brain absorbed, he had raised eyes and mind to the white walls and the green shutters, where she waited for him, waited for that last moment, that last embrace, that last clinging of the arms that, it might be, might never hold him again !

At this moment he should have been with her. But he had imagined a last service he could do for her. The notion had come late, when every minute was of value, and he had hurried on his errand, hoping not to be missed. As he approached the two who stood beside the wall, they saw that the man was out of breath, dusty, weary, and, as it seemed, moved. He attempted no preface. 'I heard you were here,' he said. And then, his eyes travelling in a last doubt from the one to the other, he hesitated.

'If I can do anything for you ?' Wyke said, wondering. The man's presence at this stage was odd.

'Everything that matters you can,' Bligh replied. He was

quite unlike himself. 'Miss Bicester, you will care for her, I know? And do for her what you can? I know you will. God bless you for it!'

'You may trust me, Mr. Bligh,' she said warmly, her grievance against him forgotten. 'We wish you the best of luck and a quick return!'

'And you?' He turned to Sir Alberty. 'If the worst comes to the worst she will need a friend; she will need everything—everything, God knows! You will not desert her? You will stand by her?'

It seemed to Charlotte an appeal that could be answered in one way only, and she was surprised when Wyke hesitated. He looked from Bligh to her and from her to Bligh, and she could see that he was moved. But there was more than emotion, there was doubt in his tone when he spoke. 'I—I am not sure,' he said. 'I am not sure that you are wise, Mr. Bligh.' His face was troubled.

But Bligh had no doubt. 'Yes,' he said, 'I am sure. I know you, and I trust her to you—and my child. You did not fail her before, and you will not fail her now.'

'God forbid!' the other replied—and his heart went with the words. 'But you don't know what you ask! There are others to be considered, and——'

Charlotte cut him short. 'He will do it!' she said. The tears were running down her face. 'He will do it. You may trust him! You may go without fear, Mr. Bligh. And go, go to her now. She will be waiting.'

'God bless you!' he said, his voice unsteady. He wrung her hand.

He turned and went from them as abruptly as he had come. Until he plunged into the path leading down to the Cove and his figure was lost to sight neither spoke. Then, 'I did not know what to say,' Sir Alberty muttered. 'It—it was a hard thing to promise. I don't know if it was right.'

Charlotte wiped her eyes. 'I know very well,' she said. 'I did you more justice than you—you wished to do yourself. That was all. And I am glad I did it.'

'I doubt,' he said. 'You see, one has to consider what other people will say and—and think.'

'Fiddle-de-dee!' Charlotte cried, impatiently cutting him short. 'If you had not promised to do it, you would have done it. You would have had to do it.'

'Why?' he asked. 'Why should I?'

'Because you are you—and you love her,' Charlotte said bluntly. And seeing him about to interrupt her afresh, 'She's married? Of course she is married,' she continued flippantly, 'but what difference does that make—if he does not come back! Oh, do let us have an end of nonsense,' she added pettishly, seeing that he was still inclined to argue with her. 'What we have to do now is to take care of her and not bother about the future, or go into hysterics about something that may never happen. I will give him half an hour and then I will go to her.'

'Poor girl! Poor girl!' he said. Then it was plain that his thoughts travelled from the comforted to the comforter, for 'You are braver than I am!' he said. 'I would not go on your errand, my dear, for a thousand pounds.'

She turned her shoulder on him that the colour that flooded her face might be hidden. 'Yes, you would,' she said, 'if it were your business. I know you better than you know yourself.'

They parted on that and did not meet again that day. An hour later Wyke found himself in the Cove. Standing a little apart from the crowd and leaning on his cane he watched with a sombre face the scene of confusion that had for its centre now the thronged and noisy beach, and now the brig that like some stately swan encircled by her fussy young ones lay a half-mile out. Not he alone but many a foreboding eye noticed that the sunshine of a spring morning had given place to clouds, beneath which, as under a canopy, the clear air disclosed, sharp-cut against the offing every line of gear and curve of hull. Across the leaden, faintly shining sea that, except where a rare breath ruffled it, was as smooth as a steel floor, boats sculled by men standing on their feet went heavily to and fro, hailing one another as they passed. The voices of those on deck came faintly to the ear or sank merged in the half-hysterical cheers that sped an adventurer on his way, or the angry shout of some boatswain or petty officer come ashore to shepherd the belated. Beneath these harsher sounds the murmur of the watching crowd, the splash of oars, the monotonous fall of the wavelets as they lapped the shore, furnished an accompaniment in tune with the sullen sky and the suspense that Wyke shared with many who were more nearly concerned.

Averting his eyes for a moment from the sea, he became aware of the Rector standing not far off and a little apart, watching the scene. With Bligh's parting words still on his mind, Wyke felt

no desire for the other's company, and he made no movement towards him. But, by and by, he found Portnal at his elbow, and he had no choice but to greet him. He was struck by the man's bearing. He looked disturbed and unlike himself.

The Rector did not reply to his greeting, but asked abruptly if he knew where Budgen was. 'I don't see him,' he added.

'Budgen?' Wyke turned and passed the crowd under review. 'No, I don't see him. He must be on board.'

'I didn't see him go,' the Rector rejoined with a frown. He seemed to be troubled by the man's absence—to attach some special importance to it. Wyke's eyes searched the crowd afresh.

'Do you want him?' he asked.

'No, I don't want him.'

'Well, he is sure to be here, though I don't see him. Ten to one he's on board. He has too much at stake not to be here.'

'I hope he has,' the Rector said, his tone strange.

Wyke did not understand. He let the words pass. 'You may be sure that he is here—somewhere,' he said. 'He will be on board and will come off with the last boat. You are anxious, Rector?' he added, surprised by the other's moody face, for he judged Portnal to be a man as little likely to feel acutely as to betray his feelings.

The Rector's answer left no doubt on his mind. 'I am,' he said, 'very anxious.' And his tone bore him out.

Wyke wondered whether it was the money that he had at stake that troubled the man—or his daughter. He decided that it was the former, and he shrugged his shoulders. 'After all, it is only the fortune of war,' he remarked. 'And she is well found and well manned and, I think, well commanded. I suppose half a dozen vessels sail every day on her errand, and five out of six come back safely.'

To Wyke's surprise the Rector shook his head. And 'D——n the man,' Wyke thought. 'If he is thinking of his daughter he should have thought before! Serve him right! If he feels that way, why doesn't he make it up!' And he was not sorry when Portnal, his hands clasped behind him, moved restlessly away. He caught a glimpse of his face as he went, and again he was struck by its gloom.

His attention was diverted to what was passing by a cheer, shrill and puny, that seemed to be beaten down by the grey canopy overhead, and to be lost in the vastness of air and sea. The jib

and fore-sails were going up, they were getting the brig's head to seaward. A stream of tiny figures poured over the side, slid down into the boats, pushed off, and lay by, waving oars. The *Lively Peggy*, like a sentient thing awaking to life, bowed to the light breeze, forged gently ahead, then, as sail after sail ran up on fore and main until one tall pyramid of canvas showed half-hidden by the other, she began to move gently and majestically towards the point of the bluff. The flag dipped, the Blue Peter dropped, a gun was fired—last salute to the lessening land—the crowd raised a feeble shout, and the cruise of the *Lively Peggy* had begun. All eyes followed her and clung to her. Somewhere in the press a woman broke into weeping.

Not all eyes. For as if the report of the gun had wheeled him about Wyke turned and gazed at the tiny green shutters and the thatched roof on the cliff-side above him. What a pang that sound must have inflicted on that tender heart! With what dumb prayers, what anguished eyes must the stricken creature whom that roof sheltered be following the white pyramids, the pigmy hull that grew ever smaller and smaller, that the eastward bluff already threatened to obscure! What a loneliness of desolation must already be closing in, be crushing the heart that beat there! He pictured the two women clasped in one another's arms, and the 'God help her!' that broke from him was followed in a breath by a 'God bless her! She is a noble creature!' that had another direction yet was hardly less fervently uttered. The comforted and the comforter! Wyke did not know to which of the two whom that humble roof covered his heart went out more warmly; whether pity or gratitude moved him more deeply.

He looked round, arrested. A laugh, rude and discordant, had jarred upon his thoughts. The crowd was beginning to break away and to stream up the path towards the town, and two or three men had halted near him. They were discussing something that seemed to afford them vast amusement. 'I tell you, it is so!' one swore, with a chuckle. 'I saw him with my own eyes, man, sneaking in the fo'c'sle! And I'll swear he never came off! If he did, where is he?'

'I b'lieve you're right, Elijah,' one of the others agreed. 'Bli' me if I don't! And if so it be, 'twill be a pill for the old man, sink me if it won't! A pill as'll work him proper! Proper it will!'

'Well, I'd never ha' thought it of him!' a third exclaimed. 'I never give Joe so much spunk as to do it! But I mind when

he were that riled that night at the Keppel he said a word like it! I thought 'twas only wind, for he's a windy soul when in liquor. But seemin'ly he's been as good as his word. Lord, I'd like to see the old man's face when he hears it!'

'Twill work him fine! But if he'd been there, as 'twas right he should be——'

'Budgen?' There was a new note in the speaker's tone. 'Ay, by gum. Where the devil is he? Where is he, man? I never see him first to last.'

'He warn't there, and reason good! Ill in his stomach, and in his bed I'm told. But if you ask me, put out o' something, God knows what! He's easy crossed, th' old skin-flint, and maybe his new skipper cut athwart him.'

'But not to see his own boat go out! It's past believing!' another cried in admiration.

'You're right, lad. But he's a hard block, is the old man. Hard as his own timber, and cross-grained as never was, take him the wrong way! But Jehoshaphat! I'd stand a pot all round to see his face when 'tis told to him that Joe's gone!'

'Twould be worth it, Elijah! I dunno as I wouldn't give all your score behind the door to see it! And cheap!' Which raised a laugh, and the men moved on.

Wyke, too, moved away, wondering a little. It was certainly odd that Budgen had not been there. He began to understand the Rector's astonishment. Then, partly to avoid the chattering crowd, partly because he had no heart to pass before the green shutters, he cut across the stream of people, and slowly and thoughtfully took the long road back to the town.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DR. PORTNAL was not a bad man, but supremacy in a small sphere had hardened his fibres, narrowed his vision, had made of him a petty despot. Nevertheless, at bottom and under all, the man had a heart; and in the days that followed the departure of the brig his heart was giving him trouble. Until lately it was in his pride and his self-esteem that he had suffered, and in these only. The scandal that his girl had caused, and the presence of that scandal ever before his eyes, had wounded him to the quick, and he had allowed the wound to rankle and poison his life. It had made him, as he had fancied, as unhappy as a man could be and still hold up his head.

But now that the *Lively Peggy* was gone, and gone beyond recall, the Rector was discovering that a man might suffer worse things than these. He was discovering that he had not plumbed the depths, nor nearly plumbed the depths; and that beside an uneasy conscience, to say nothing of a troubled heart, wounded vanity was a light evil. An uneasy conscience! It was that, late awakened, that plagued him now, do what he would, and by reviving in some strange way his affection for, and his sense of duty to, his daughter, held up before him a dozen times a day a shadow of judgment to come.

For on the eve of the departure of the *Lively Peggy* the knowledge that his daughter was expecting a child had for the first time reached him. That the knowledge should touch him, should soften him was natural. As natural was it that it should bring home to him, certain risks, and that he should remember with misgiving her need at such a time of friends, of comfort, of ease, of her husband. A first child! And his daughter! But with pride to help him he could have borne this and the doubts it entailed very well; he could have stood firm against it. Probably he would have told himself that if things went wrong he would be unhappy, a man upon whom circumstances bore hardly. But he would have blamed circumstances rather than himself.

He did try, even as things were, to maintain that that was the position. He told himself several times, thrusting another and worse thought from him, that that was all, that his conscience was clear, and that if aught went wrong he was guiltless. He strove hard to believe this, and to be sure of it; and in the main he did believe it. Yet there was always a doubt; at the very best there was a doubt. He could not be sure! Or rather he was sure; sure that in consenting to Budgen's suggestion that Bligh should take the command, he had not had any evil purpose, any covert hope that if the man went he would not return. And most certainly—of this he was sure—he had not connected Budgen's statement that he had insured the vessel with the question before him. No! The suspicion that had crossed his mind had been so nebulous, so fleeting, so faint, nay, so monstrous, that it was even more monstrous to imagine that he had let it move him. He had put the absurd thought aside as soon as conceived, and it was preposterous to imagine that he had been affected by it.

For on what had the suspicion, slight and passing as it was, rested? On nothing more than a shade of manner, a turn of the eye, a shifty look! And to suggest that a thing supported by no

more than a shadow on a man's face had moved him to consent to a thing so wicked as the knowingly sending a fellow-creature to his death—surely it was a charge out of all reason, the nightmare of a sick mind!

True, he had not then heard of his daughter's condition. He had not recognised that a shock might kill her, he had not known the circumstances, or he would not have agreed to the appointment—though he told himself that his consent had been of the most innocent. Innocent? Certainly it had been innocent—yet again and for the hundredth time he fell painfully, fearfully to searching his memory; to recalling the minutæ of the interview with Budgen, his words, looks, thoughts—to setting his mind on the rack, to tormenting himself. If he could be sure, quite sure! It all came to that.

And he could not be quite sure. He could not be certain that the thought had not flashed through his mind; that he had not for one brief instant seen the advantage it would be to him if the man went and did not come back! He could not be sure that he had not for a moment entertained the thought that it was the man's own business if aught happened to him, and Budgen's crime if there were foul play. He could not, and a dozen times a day he heard the abhorrent whisper accusing him, indicting him, bidding him note that if the worst happened he might have upon his soul the death of his daughter, the daughter whom he now knew that he loved! Again and again he closed his mind to the fancy; but it haunted him. He could not ignore it, he could not shut it out though it was absurd. It came between him and his curate when they talked, it loomed a shadow at his dinner-table, it brought the sweat to his brow as he lay sleepless, it shook his hand when he shaved. It was absurd, ridiculous, monstrous—it was baseless. But it persisted. He thrust it from him; it returned to plague him.

Among other effects it inspired him with a dumb hatred of Budgen—the tempter, if temptation there had been. He had never liked the man. He had used him and despised him. But now he hated him, tracing back to his absence at the moment of the brig's departure the first conscious pang that had troubled his mind. It was that absence, strange and ominous, that had roused his fears and forced him to question himself, forced him to search his memory, and to recognise that, monstrous as was the thing that he had for a brief instant suspected, it was not actually impossible.

For he knew that through the smugglers, who went to and fro by night, communication with the other side was frequent. He knew

that Budgen had dealings with them, and that on occasion he had taken up their goods at sea and brought them in. He knew that, given a traitor, the thing was feasible and was done, though very rarely.

A monstrous and incredible crime! But he had heard of such things, the pot-house gossip of the ports whispered of them, and believed in them. True, it was seldom that the crime would pay. The value of a cruising ship and its chances exceeded the sum for which it was insured. But with peace in sight—and peace was probable—a desperate and embarrassed man might be tempted. He might see his way to secure the war-value and prefer a guilty solvency to the risks of a last cruise.

For some days the Rector bore with his thoughts in silence, though the temptation to approach the boat-builder, and try whether the sight of the man at work in his everyday surroundings would not dispel his fancies, was ever with him. He was doubtful of his own temper; possibly too, he feared to put all to the test. Then a certain fact came to his knowledge, and primed with it and grimly minded to use it, he went down to the Cove.

The sun was low as he descended the road, and in comparison with the stir and bustle which had enlivened it for many days the Cove was deserted. Work had ceased, and it was hard to believe that the town lay near. The tide was at flood, and a lonely sea broke sullenly on the ridge of shingle, its measured fall and the rattle of the pebbles drawn down by the ebbing waves supplying a bass to the shrill wailing of gulls. No human figure moved on the wide beach, and the Rector was turning in the direction of Budgen's house when he remembered that the man might be in the moulding-loft. His tread as he crossed the pebbles was not light, but it fell on deaf ears. When he looked into the shed and discovered Budgen the man did not move.

He was gazing, sunk in thought, on the plan of the *Lively Peggy* that figured in outline on the side of the loft. He did not turn or stir, but the Rector, pausing a moment in surprise, heard a sound burst from the man's breast. It was half a sigh and half a groan—or it might have been a stifled oath. Whatever it was, it did not bespeak depression more eloquently than Budgen's attitude; he might have been looking on the corpse of his mother. And he continued to stand and to gaze, until the Rector touched him on the shoulder. Then he turned abruptly, and to the Rector's astonishment there were tears on his rugged cheeks.

He turned not only abruptly but savagely; only by an effort it

seemed did he withhold himself from striking the other. His hand was raised to the Rector's breast, when with an oath he withdrew it, and passed it across his face. 'What the hell do you want?' he exclaimed, forgetting himself in his surprise. His eyes were wild.

'Steady, man, steady!' the Rector said. 'You forget yourself.'

'But is no place a man's own, but you come creeping, creeping, creeping, and——'

'I made noise enough, Budgen, if you had had ears to hear,' the Rector said sternly. 'What in the world is the matter with you, man? One might suppose you were committing a crime!'

'I thought I was alone,' Budgen muttered sullenly, his eyes falling. 'What is your errand?'

'An unwelcome one, I am afraid. Where is your nephew, Budgen?'

'My nevy?' The man raised his voice. He spoke with temper. 'In the Keppel Head, sotting, ten to one! Why do you ask? It's what he'll be doing most days.'

'And what you have supported him in doing,' the Rector rejoined severely. He had suffered, and he was not sorry that it was in his power to make this man suffer. 'But I think you are mistaken. He is not in the Keppel Head, Budgen. I am told—it's common talk—that he is at sea.'

Budgen laughed sourly. He had got himself in hand again. 'At sea!' he repeated. 'Joe? I'd like to see him, the lazy swab! Not in a hundred years, I'll go bail!' He spat on the ground in his contempt. 'Who's told you that lie, asking your pardon?'

'I don't think it is a lie,' the Rector said quietly. He was watching his man.

'Well, you may take your davy, it is,' Budgen retorted. 'He's not the spunk. What should he be at sea for—Joe? He's too well off here, confound him! See him go to sea! As if I wouldn't know! Eh? Wouldn't I know if he was?'

'I can't say. But it is true. I have it from one who saw him go.'

For the first time the man was shaken. 'Saw him go?' he repeated—and now there was a grain of doubt in his voice. 'Saw him go? Where, I'd like to know, the swab? To Plymouth in the market-boat? And why not. It's no odds to me, sink him, whether he drinks o' Plymouth or here.'

'No,' the Rector replied. 'He's gone farther than that,

Budgen. And I wonder that you have not heard. He sailed on the *Lively Peggy* last Thursday.'

Budgen's face swelled. He glared at the Rector. 'Sailed! Sailed!' he ejaculated, struggling for utterance and unable to get the words out. At last, 'On the *Peggy*! On the *Peggy* a-Thursday? It's a lie! It's an infernal lie!' he repeated violently. 'Why, he couldn't? He couldn't! He wasn't signed on.'

'He stowed away, I'm told.'

'Stowed away?' Budgen repeated the phrase mechanically, but his voice dropped to a whisper. And with a sinking of the heart the other saw the change that he had come to see, and had feared to see. Budgen's face, a moment before crimson with rage, turned to an unhealthy sallowness; the hand that he raised to hide his quivering lips shook, his form seemed to sink into itself. 'It's—it's not—not possible,' he said weakly. 'They're—it's their joke.' He tried to smile, but the sweat stood in great beads on his forehead. 'They will ha' their joke—to be sure!'

The Rector was watching him with hard, ruthless eyes, and he asked for no further evidence. He had judged the man and he had no pity to spare for him; for one whose monstrous, whose most wicked act he now more than suspected. Pity? He needed all his pity for himself. 'I am afraid it is no joke, Budgen,' he said sternly. 'It may have been kept from you, but it is no secret that he sailed.'

For a few seconds Budgen stood, a stricken man. Only his lips moved, and they without a sound. Then he turned, and as he turned he reeled. The Rector thought that he was about to fall, struck down by the news, and he stepped forward. But Budgen straightened himself. With his back still turned he muttered a word or two, ill-heard. 'I'm—I'm ill, I——' With unsteady steps he staggered from the shed, turned the corner, disappeared.

Surprised by the suddenness of the man's retreat, the Rector paused where he stood. Then with a sinking heart, he stepped out into the open and followed the other with his eyes. He watched him, and his heart sank lower. For Budgen, pressing the pace, his head bent, made from time to time wild gestures that the watcher was at no loss to interpret. He read in them the horror of a man caught in his own trap, crushed by his own invention, sensible too late of the avenging hand of Providence—that out of a man's own sin could weave his punishment!

'My God!' the Rector cried, and felt and owned in that moment of vision the horror of complicity. On him, too, the bolt might fall, and his sin, if he had indeed sinned, might find him out!

And only too well he knew where that bolt might fall, how and through whom his sin might work out his punishment. He did indeed still cry in his heart that he was innocent, that he had not known, that he had not imagined! But in the same breath he uttered a prayer for mercy. That he might be spared—that he might be spared that! But he feared.

He stood awhile as one in a maze, then he crossed the strand, the horror still upon him. Mechanically he climbed the steep path that he had climbed so often in his pride and strength. Stripped of both now, he had but the one instinct, to hide himself, to be alone; and he had reached the churchyard without knowing how he came thither before he collected his thoughts and regained a measure of composure. There he took breath, passed his handkerchief across his brow, and strove to throw off the obsession that had gripped him. But he was a scared man, a man who had passed through the fire and felt the scorching. He removed his hat and bared his head to the breeze, and gradually calmness returned to him. He told himself, with a shudder, that his nerves were not what they had been, that he was growing old. He muttered that he had suffered himself to be upset, to be alarmed by—by shadows. He must control himself. He must not give way to—to exaggeration.

But the fact remained, and he was conscious of it and shuddered at it. As he dwelt on it, he closed his eyes in pain. The fact remained, and what was he to do about it? Could he do anything to alter it? He could prove nothing, and if he spoke it would avail nothing. He had no evidence; no man would believe him; and if the *Lively Peggy* and her crew were indeed betrayed they were lost already.

And after all it might not be so. He had been swayed by the man's demeanour, and by that alone. Now he came to think of it more soberly, the risk to Fewster might account for all—and Budgen might be innocent. The news was ill news, even if the boat-builder's hands were clean and his conscience clear; ill news, and he might well be overwhelmed by it. He had shown over and over again that he placed an abnormal value on Fewster's life, the life upon which his lease of the Cove depended.

The Rector wiped his brow again, and this time his hand was steady. He had frightened himself for nothing. It must be so. With his hat in his hand and his face turned seaward he fanned his heated brow. He had had an evil dream, and he had suffered it to master him. A sigh relieved his over-charged heart, and he

put on his hat. He turned his face towards the Rectory. And then he saw coming across the churchyard, limping in the direction of the path to the Cove, the frail but upright form of the old Captain.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE sight affected him strangely. The composure that he had so newly recovered fell from him, the old terror, or much of it, returned. It did more, it drove him to action. It drove him forward as if an impulse from without had moved him. An hour earlier he would have gone a hundred yards about to avoid the old man. Now he no longer saw in him an emblem and a reminder of disgrace, but a possible help in trouble, and he bore down upon him without at the moment knowing what he would say.

The Captain saw him coming and tried to escape. But his feebleness and his limping gait were no match for the other's hale strength, and as he reached the head of the path the Rector overtook him.

'A word with you!' Portnal said. He did not mean to be harsh, but in the Captain's terrified ears his voice sounded doom, and the old man cringed before him, remembering the last occasion on which they had spoken. He waited with a scared face to learn the great man's pleasure. 'Have you heard from your son?' the Rector asked.

'From my son?' the old man bleated.

'Yes, man, yes! Have you heard from him—since he sailed?'

The Captain was dumbfounded. He shook his head, wondering in what new way they had offended, what fresh transgression this imported. He glanced furtively at the other's massive face. He saw that he was agitated and he supposed him to be angry.

'You might have,' the Rector insisted, pressing the point. 'He might have spoken an inward ship?'

At this Bligh perceived a change in the other's attitude, and he gathered his wits. 'We have not, sir,' he muttered. 'We do not expect to have news yet.'

At another time the Rector would have winced at that word 'we.' But he was far from thinking of that now. 'Listen to me,' he said earnestly, 'and mark, sir, if you please, and carefully, what I say. My daughter is expecting a child, I hear?'

The Captain, fancying that this was the new offence, murmured humbly that it was so—he believed.

'When?'

'In a month, I am told, sir.'

'Then listen to me!' The Rector, in his anxiety to bring his words home to the old man, laid his hand on his shoulder, and shook him as he had shaken him once before, though more gently. 'Listen, if you please, sir, and mark what I say. Bad news may come—God forbid, but it may. It is useless to deny it or to close your eyes to it. If it come—keep it from her! Do you hear? Keep it from her!' he repeated with desperate earnestness. 'Watch her night and day if it be necessary, and see that no one comes to her to tell her. If you value her life and the child's life, see to it. See to it, sir! Do you understand? Now, do you understand?'

Old Bligh's eyes filled with tears. He could not speak, but he nodded, nodded vehemently. None the less was he confounded. So this man had bowels like another! He had affections, was human! Parted from his daughter by his own act, he still thought for her. It was a thing that the Captain had not suspected. He had thought the man hard as iron, unfeeling as granite! He could only nod, and did nod, but in his surprise he was speechless.

The Rector was not satisfied. The old man seemed to him half-imbecile. 'Do you understand?' he insisted. 'Speak, man! Let there be no mistake about this.'

The Captain found his voice. 'God knows I'll do my best,' he said fervently. 'I will guard her, sir, day and night. You may depend on me. You may depend on me. But God forbid,' and his old face broke up and worked piteously. 'My son! My son!'

'Amen! Amen!' the Rector said solemnly. 'We will hope and pray that all may be well. But we must also use the means we have. In a month? I am afraid that if the worst happen it will happen long before that. With the wind as it is, she should be near her cruising ground by now. You know where that is?'

Old Bligh shook his head. 'My son did not tell me. He thought it wiser to tell no one,' he said.

'Right! Quite right! The secret cannot be in too few hands—for all our sakes, God knows.'

So feeling was his tone that the Captain plucked up spirit and ventured greatly. He said a thing that an hour before he would have found it impossible to say. 'Will you not come and see her?' he asked meekly.

Few had seen the Rector more at fault. He was like a fencer touched when he least expected it. For a moment he seemed to

be utterly at a loss what to say : it might even have been thought that he wavered. Then 'I will send my daughter,' he said awkwardly. And with a last 'Be careful, sir, I beg! Be careful,' flung over his shoulder, and pressed home by a wave of his gold-headed cane, he turned away. He walked quickly towards the Rectory.

Go and see Peggy ? Why not ? For his heart was soft towards her. A hundred recollections of her childhood, of her youth, of her laughing eyes and gay prattle, of her clinging arms, her waywardness and her repentance, crowded upon him and moved him. For the first time he viewed in another light the privations that she must be suffering, and that his prejudices multiplied fourfold. He viewed them no longer as a degradation in which he was involved, but as a claim upon his pity. Go and see her ? He was willing, but, alas, he owned it with shame, he had not the courage. He shrank from the scene. The thought of facing her with that on his mind which lay there and would not be shaken off, unnerved him. In the past he had judged her and condemned her ; and she had indeed been at fault. Grievously at fault. But now their places were changed. It was her judgment that he feared, her condemnation from which he shrank, even while he pleaded with passion that he was innocent. But was he innocent ? 'God knows !' he said. 'God knows !'

He found Augusta seated at her tambour frame, as he had found her a hundred times before. But to-day the placidity that he had so often, though tacitly, commended, the sedate calm that he had so often approved, had the effect of irritating him. She sat there surrounded by the still life of the handsome, spacious room—and she worked and she smiled while her sister—— He did not follow out the thought, for even in his irritation he was just, and he owned that her sister had offended while she was perfect. He owned, for he knew it was the fact, that before she had seated herself there she had fulfilled her household duties, arranged all, seen that the wheels on which his comfort rested ran smoothly. Nevertheless the thought that he nipped half-conceived put tartness into his tone.

'Augusta,' he said, 'I wish you to go and see your sister.'

Augusta looked at him. It was not in her to be flustered, but for once she let him see that she was surprised, while her incredulous 'Sir ?' conveyed, and not too subtly, a reproach.

He repeated his words. 'I wish you to go and see your sister,' he said, colouring slightly under her gaze. 'She is expecting a child—in a month I am told. I have weighed the matter, and I

wish you to go to her. In the circumstances it is right that she should have one of her own kin at call—badly as she has behaved.’

‘Then you mean to forgive her, sir?’ Augusta said. ‘I am glad.’ She spoke with the submission that became her, but the faint smile on her lips found a raw place in the Rector’s self-esteem and provoked him.

‘It is not a question of forgiveness,’ he said, ‘but of accepting the fact. The husband is absent, which, while it renders indulgence more easy, makes it also more incumbent. She is alone, without friend or protection, and at such a time, I have decided, Augusta, that it is neither right nor becoming that we should stand aloof.’

To say that Augusta, the perfect daughter, was ruffled would be to say too much. But she was surprised. ‘If you had spoken before, sir,’ she said with a gentle sigh, ‘I should have gone, of course. But I gathered that you did not wish it.’

‘I did not,’ the Rector replied, accepting the position that she thrust on him. ‘That is true, quite true. But I wish it now. I have determined that the time has come——’

‘To forgive her?’ Augusta repeated softly.

‘At any rate to cease to hold aloof. To give what help we can. I shall be glad if you will see her to-day and learn in what way we can help her.’

Augusta was silent for a time. She took up her needle and paused with her eyes on her work. Apparently she was considering the effect of her last stitches. But at length, ‘I am afraid, sir,’ she said, ‘you must tell me what attitude you wish me to take up. Am I to tell Peggy that she is forgiven? And that the things that flow from that will follow? That you are prepared to accept Mr. Bligh and to treat him as belonging to the family? Because if I am not to go as far as that, I know Peggy well, and I foresee that my visit will rather widen the breach than close it—if that is what you wish, sir.’

Perfect daughter as she was, she knew when she was annoying, and she was prepared for an irritable reply. But the nature of the reply and her father’s agitation when he spoke surprised her.

‘Girl! Girl!’ he cried, and the apostrophe was so unlike him that it startled her. ‘Have done! Or think, think before you speak! What if your sister do not live? What if we lose her? A first child, her husband away, and in peril, and she friendless and alone! I am’—with a sudden drop in his voice—‘I am unhappy about her! If aught befall him, if bad news come, and bad news may come at any time, it may be fatal to her in her condition!’

'But that is looking a long way ahead, sir,' Augusta ventured.

'Such news may come to-morrow!' he retorted. 'And what shall we feel then? What shall we say for ourselves? I am still her father, you are her sister! And shall we then forgive ourselves, shall we then blame her only? No, go to her, provide for her, see that she lacks nothing—so far as may be in that poor place! And God grant that she come through her trial! When that is over it will be time to talk of forgiveness!'

For almost the first time in her life Augusta felt a touch of contempt for her father. She had no clue to the agitation that shook him, and his sudden *volte-face* seemed to her of the weakest. His fears appeared excessive and far-fetched; she told herself that he was growing old. But if he failed as a father, she would not fail as a daughter, and 'Certainly, if it is your wish, sir, I will go,' she said. 'And I may give her your love?' She could not quite keep the note of irony out of her tone.

He detected it, but he replied to it in his own way. 'My love and my blessing!' he said. But having said it, whether he read the amazement in Augusta's eyes or no, he turned and went hurriedly from the room.

Still, safe in his study, he was thankful that he had acted. He was thankful that he had spoken. He felt as one at sea in a leaky vessel who desperately and painfully strengthens every plank that threatens to give way, caulks every seam by which fate and the devouring waves may enter. He asked himself if there was anything else that he could do, any further precaution that he could take. He added up the days that the *Lively Peggy* had been at sea; he calculated the earliest date at which, reaching her cruising ground, she would enter the sphere of danger; he deduced the earliest time at which bad news, if bad news came, might be expected. He strove to comfort himself with the reflection that if a trap awaited her the odds would be overwhelming, and the *Peggy* would have no choice but to surrender—there would be no engagement and no loss of life. And over and over again he told himself that he trembled and sweated without reason; that the chances were in the man's favour, that he at least would survive.

But he reassured himself to no purpose. For at the back of his mind loomed the shadow of a Nemesis, the idea that he could not put from him, of an avenging Providence not to be denied. It overrode reason, it defied probability. And if the worst happened? Then he felt that all his life he would have upon his mind that on which he dared not dwell, though a hundred times he cried with

an exceeding bitter cry that he was innocent. Ay, he was innocent—could he only be sure of it! Meantime he foresaw hours and days, weeks it might be, of suspense, through which he must live with that dreadful fear on his conscience.

He had done in his life not a few hard and some harsh things. He had been ruled by convention rather than by sympathy, by justice rather than by charity; his standard had not been higher than the standard of his neighbours. He had seen his own rights clearly, and had taken care that others respected them; and dowered with the good things of this world he had enjoyed them without overmuch thought of others or of his responsibility for them. But he had never wantonly done evil. He had broken no law—save, it might be, the law of love. He had dispossessed no man, shifted no landmark. The suspicion that he had done so now, that thoughtlessly, blinded by ill-will, he had involved himself in a dreadful thing and become the participator in a possible crime, haunted him like a nightmare from which he could not awake!

While he suffered Augusta wondered. And presently she acted. She had no strong objection to her father's shift, sudden as it was, and though it lowered him in her eyes. If he chose to turn about and forgive Peggy, he was the person offended and it was his business. But she could not rid herself of the feeling that the step was unfair to her. She had not offended, she had been obedient. She had done her duty, and she would still do it. But the one scale, she felt, could not be raised without lowering the other; the erring sister could not be forgiven without lessening the merit of the sinless. Still, she would obey, though she expected to derive no pleasure from her errand, but rather discomfort and embarrassment. The meeting would be awkward, and Peggy might ride the high horse—the girl had been ever queer and unaccountable—while Augusta had a distaste for low life, and a shrinking from the conditions that she expected to encounter. It would be unpleasant to see her own sister so low, and mortifying to rub shoulders with the poverty in which she lived, the shifts to which she had been driven.

But duty was duty, and Augusta prepared herself, and set forth. She winced as she turned in at the wicket-gate, and looked about her with a doubtful eye as she knocked at the door of the cottage.

But she knocked in vain. Peggy was out, and Augusta turned away with a sigh of relief. She ascended the path with a lighter step.

(To be continued.)

LOUIS CALVERT.

BY HIS HONOUR SIR EDWARD PARRY.

LOUIS CALVERT was a friend and occasional companion of mine for many years. He was Manchester-born, and Manchester became my spiritual home by an accident arising out of, and in the course of, my employment. Louis' work took him wandering over the country, my job was centred in a narrower circuit. For many years I wrote dramatic criticism, and in spite of the acknowledged custom of that dismal trade I chose to write in praise of actors rather than in blame of playwrights; but then I did not write plays myself at that time, as so many critics do nowadays. Looking back on the actors whose work I remember, I am satisfied that Louis Calvert was one of the few who might fairly be called an actor of genius.

We were both members of the Brasenose Club in Manchester 'full thirty years ago.' There all sorts and conditions of men would meet and talk on any subject at any distance from that subject. As Frank Merriman, our poet laureate, reminded the then new generation, these were the ancient traditions of the Brasenose Club :

'The language there, so pure and rare,
So excellent in tone,
Was always cheerfully confined
To limits all its own.
Its range—the loftiest flight of thought;
Its scope—the earth below,
The heavens above (though dimmed with smoke),
Full thirty years ago.'

Doubtless the old Club still remains governed by the maxim *stare decisis, et non quieta movere*.

Louis Calvert held by the Brasenose traditions all his life. He remained young and ardent to the end, and wherever two or three were gathered together in the right, or any other, place, he would hold forth about his beloved art. His dogmatism was peptonised by his simplicity, enthusiasm, and knowledge. I put these qualities in the order of going in. Louis could babble about

himself without offence to anyone but a prig. Certainly there was a great deal of what 'I say' and 'I do' in his talk. A critic once staggered him by saying, 'Calvert, I tell you what you are: you are an egoist.'

The answer was prompted by simple honesty rather than conscious wit.

'Nonsense, man,' he replied with his expansive smile and a tolerating shake of the head. 'I am no egoist, I know!'

And there was more truth in this than Louis himself knew. The fact is, like many artists born of artist families, he had a great deal of hereditary instinct towards good acting, and being a shrewd, witty man with earnest love of his art he continued to acquire knowledge about the art of acting to the end of his days. In fact, when he said 'I know,' he was not boasting but merely stating a fact.

Had he been of the Shakespearean troupe of actors that visited Elsinore he would not have tamely accepted Prince Hamlet's theory of acting with a submissive 'I warrant your honour,' but would have argued it out with him during the rest of the rehearsal. In the same spirit had he met Melina's troupe of actors at Hochdorf he would have sat down and held his own in Wilhelm Meister's discussions about the stage, and been listened to with approval by Old Boisterous and Laertes, whilst Philina and the little Mignon had certainly fallen in love with this expansive disciple of the theatre.

Scientists who claim that a son inherits his good qualities from his mother may safely cite Louis Calvert in evidence. For Adelaide Helen Calvert was a leading actress of great capacity, working almost continuously at her art for nearly seventy years. She was the daughter of James Biddle, a comedian, who played in what was known as Harvey's circuit, which included Plymouth, Weymouth, Exeter, Jersey, and Guernsey. This was in the 'thirties.

It is interesting to note that a hundred years ago these places had better opportunities of seeing good acting than they have to-day. In 1842 Adelaide Biddle, aged seven, was playing the Duke of York in *Richard III*, and at sixteen was already promoted to Ophelia and Desdemona when no star joined the company.

About this date the young lady and her sister were engaged to play walking ladies to Miss Suter's lead, but Miss Suter falling ill, Adelaide Biddle took her place with great success. The stage manager was young Sothern, whose stage name at that time was Douglas Stuart; and a young recruit to the company, who seems

to have joined them with about as much knowledge of the stage as Nicholas Nickleby, was Charles Calvert.

Charles Calvert was the son of a London merchant. He was well educated and had studied at King's College with a view to entering the Church. He was a man of strong religious temperament, and coming across the works of Swedenborg he became a Swedenborgian and felt it would not be consistent with his ideals to pursue a career in the Church. Business life had no attractions for him, and he joined the Plymouth company at Weymouth as an actor at £1 1s. 0d. a week.

Charles fell in love with Adelaide and proposed to her, but old Biddle wisely counselled delay. He and his family soon afterwards went to America; but the young couple remained true to each other, and Adelaide returning to England, they were married at Lambeth Parish Church in 1856. How Calvert became manager of the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, and how he revived an interest in the Shakespearean drama, are worthy chapters in the history of the English stage.

Louis Calvert was born in Manchester, November 25, 1859. He and his brothers, Leonard and William, were educated at Dr. Adam's private school at Victoria Park. Louis' father and mother were busily engaged in the life of the theatre, but Charles Calvert forbade Louis to think of the stage as a career, so that when school life was coming to an end it is not surprising that the adventurous Louis ran away to sea. When I knew him he still handled a sailing boat with natural skill and was a wonderful swimmer, and I always fancied that on the boards he had a sailor's gait and a sailor's power of standing firm and still in moments of stress.

The life of an apprentice on a wind-jammer had no future to satisfy Louis's ambitions. Somewhere about 1878 he found himself at Durban. He worked there, he told me, in many capacities, and finally was guard on a local railway train. He made the acquaintance of some strolling actors, and having finished his railway work, used to go on in small parts every evening. One of the railway directors, having seen him on the stage, advised him to stick to one job or the other, and strongly hinted to him that he was a better actor than a railway guard.

It was this incident that made him decide to follow the family profession, and once he had stepped upon the stage there was no likelihood of his being allowed to wander away from what beyond doubt was his natural element. Whether you agree with my view that

he was an actor of genius matters not for this purpose. He was bound to be an actor and remain an actor because of his natural instincts for acting and his unequalled ability and utility among any combination of actors. Wherever a company of players was gathered together there was always a welcome for Louis Calvert. He was one of those rare artists who knew his business. When a young beginner would express doubts about whether he was rightly cast in the part assigned to him you might see Louis puff out his lips and cast up his eyes. 'Laddie,' he would say, 'I have played every part in *Hamlet* except Ophelia, and I would play that to-morrow if they would ask me.'

I thought when I heard him tell this story that I had caught him in a slight exaggeration, so I asked him, somewhat pedantically, 'What about Gertrude, Queen of Denmark?'

'Oh! yes,' said Louis, with a wave of his hand, 'I played her and the Player Queen too at Dr. Adam's school.'

I confess I should like to have seen his Ophelia, and I believe it would have had moments of histrionic interest and importance.

His stage comrades at Durban recognised his value. He went with them from there to Melbourne, whence he returned to England in 1880. From that day until his death in 1923 he was continuously at work acting or producing in England or America in fellowship with the best-known artists of our time.

The first decade of Louis Calvert's stage career was a busy one. He acted in company with Miss Wallis, George Rignold, Henry Irving at the Lyceum, Mrs. Langtry, Osmund Tearle, and played Lawyer Parsons, a small part, in the *Run of Luck* at Drury Lane. Not a bad ten years' work for a student. But Louis never ceased to be a student. 'Never too old to learn' was a favourite saying of his.

And he would learn of anyone who had anything to teach. One of the blots on the educational system of our schools and colleges is that the scholar has no choice of schoolmaster—a blundering business, since it is obvious that only a scholar can tell you whether a master is capable of teaching. With the art of acting it is different. Louis was always ready to listen and weigh criticism, and cared not whence it came.

After the first night of *Daddalums* at Wyndham's in June 1920, when the leaders of the profession crowded round him to congratulate him on his triumph, a little Welsh schoolmaster whom Calvert had met on tour sent in his card and was received with kindness. He started nervously with some remarks upon the way

Louis had interpreted a certain scene. Louis encouraged him to continue, and when he had finished thanked him, saying, 'By Jove! you're right!'

As he left Louis turned to a friend who was with him and said, 'That man is a student of human nature. I was trying too much to be a student of the theatre.' Louis was always an enthusiast for the human touch. 'Humanity pays,' he would tell his young friends. 'Cynicism doesn't.'

Calvert spoke of Osmund Tearle as a sterling actor. I remember seeing him in Manchester in the 'eighties, but I do not remember that Louis was with him. Tearle played in one week *Virginius*, *Othello*, *Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, and *Richard III*. In *Virginius* he seemed to me to drown the emotion of the play in mere noise, but maybe the play requires a hot sauce of declamation to make it palatable. In *Othello* he played with great force and dignity and gave a fine picture of a soldier and a gentleman. Louis learned a lot under Tearle's management, I fancy. His own *Othello*, which I saw at Deptford at a much later date, had some beautiful moments in it.

In the second decade of his career, beginning, let us say, about 1890, he formed a company of his own and played a great many of Shakespeare's plays and Goethe's *Clavigo*, Browning's *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*, Ibsen's *Rosmersholm* and *The Enemy of the People*. This was a very great achievement for a young actor who had worked his way up from the bottom rung of the ladder without money or influence.

Louis Calvert's production of *Love's Labour's Lost* in 1893 at the Gentlemen's Concert Hall, Manchester, was a very considerable triumph. It was his first piece of work as a producer that I remember to have seen. He himself played Biron in the true comic spirit. He was a fine figure of an accomplished courtier. In the scene in the fourth act where the King and his courtiers forswear themselves, Louis, with his pleasant fat face peering through the fork of a tree, throwing his jesting asides across the footlights, got full value of laughter out of the author's gibes. Certainly he gave us a show of fantastic comedy conceived in a right comic spirit, and the tennis game of words, in which quips and epigrams are hurled, caught, and thrown back again smothered in laughter, was played with athletic zest. I confess I did not know there was so much life in the play; but that was one of Louis's great qualities in all his productions—vitality.

About the same time Frank Benson invited Louis to play Brutus

in a revival of *Julius Cæsar*. This was a great event in Manchester at the time, and I can honestly say that it stands out in my memory as the best interpretation of the play that I have seen. Louis was a first-rate Brutus. He made him a sturdy orator of the John Bright type, tense and sincere, delivering his advocacy in tones of righteous force and honest simplicity. I have often thought that there was a lot of Brutus about Louis and not a little of Louis in Brutus. Each of them stood four-square to the winds, conscious of his own rectitude and certain of his own conclusions. If Shakespeare had known Louis personally I fancy he would have made Brutus end one of his arguments in Louis' phrase: 'Remember, citizens, I KNOW.' Certainly no actor ever got inside the skin of a great Shakespearean part more cunningly than Louis did in Brutus.

It was soon after this that he took part in Richard Flanagan's Shakespearean revivals at the Old Queen's Theatre in Manchester. It was a thoroughly early-Victorian playhouse of draught and discomfort, but there was flamboyant Shakespeare to be seen there; *As you Like it*, with real deer, real dogs, and real rabbits in the forest of Arden, and *Much Ado* with a Society wedding, a real organ, and, if I remember rightly, 'The voice that breathed o'er Eden.' Flanagan had been a property man, and Shakespeare being himself a man of the theatre would have thoroughly approved much of the scenery and dresses and armour and silver-gilt with which Flanagan adorned the scenes.

But when Louis Calvert joined forces with Flanagan the judicious observed that more of the spirit of Shakespeare was apparent without denuding the stage of the grosser glories that dazzled the eyes of the groundlings.

Louis Calvert filled the old barrack of a playhouse with lovers of Shakespeare of all classes, as his father Charles Calvert had done at the Prince's and Theatre Royal in earlier days. Louis Calvert's acting of Anthony in *Anthony and Cleopatra*, and of Falstaff in *Henry IV* are great memories.

Falstaff is a fat part, and Louis made it even fatter. He got every ounce of wit and dry humour out of the text; but he got this much more, that some Falstaffs do not achieve—he was an indolent lolling Falstaff who suffered the bantering of his companions almost sadly, until their quips seemed to move the man mountain to retaliation and he turned the torrent of his wit upon his tormentors. Louis could justly speak the line: 'I am not only witty in myself but the cause that wit is in other men.'

Perhaps the reason that Louis Calvert never became a great star was because his actor-mind tended to delight in team work. His Falstaff gave us undisturbed delight, and I fancy our affections were engaged by the very fact that he allowed himself to be the real butt of his companions, and we pitied him and rejoiced when his wit overtopped their banter.

I think it was in his Anthony that I first observed how ably he controlled his voice, for in some parts of it he seemed to me to handle it very violently, yet he never really over-strained the instrument. And as he often said, his favourite musical instrument was the one that God gave him—the voice. He had a rich, well-toned violoncello sort of voice with a burr or rumble in it very effective in Falstaff and comic parts. Yet though he practised scales on it and played upon it as a master he never let it master him, so that Irving's jest, 'What a wonderful actor X would be if he didn't know he'd got a voice!' was not said of Louis. Louis and Irving were at one in their knowledge of the part that the voice played in the art of the stage. It was the instrument that produced the melody that entranced the audience. Scenery, lighting, even the words of the play itself, were only there as minor instruments to accompany the voice.

Again, in his production of *Anthony and Cleopatra*, the team work was excellent, and Janet Achurch was a royal companion in Cleopatra. Her death scene, seated on her throne, was a wonderfully thrilling effect. The company under Louis' guidance got more of the spirit of romance into the play than I could have conceived to be possible. Moreover, it was a popular success. There were audiences ready to welcome Shakespeare in those days.

Team work in stage production was not, of course, a new thing in Louis' day, but it was beginning to overcome the old traditions of the star and the stock company. Louis had many stories of how little it was appreciated in his early days of touring with a star. On one occasion he was playing Beauséant in *The Lady of Lyons* to the star's Claude Melnotte, and at the end of Act IV as the great actor came off he said to Louis, 'That was a fine round of applause I got to-night, wasn't it?'

Now Louis thought that he had contributed to the effect of the scene, by the mortification and rage which he had displayed under the hero's abuse, so, remembering the story of the blower and the organist, he replied nonchalantly, 'Yes, we did get a good one.'

'We! Do you think you had anything to do with it?' asked the star, somewhat amused at the notion.

Louis nodded.

'You flatter yourself, sir,' said his chief as he walked away.

So next night, to test it, Beauséant received Claude Melnotte's tirade with submissive respect. The applause started, but died away of a sudden.

As Louis said with truth, 'A small part in a good drama requires the same art in its creation as a small figure in a great canvas. The two arts are akin.' But this obvious truth was not so well appreciated fifty years ago as it is to-day.

Louis was very eloquent in the importance of listening on the stage. 'The actor, by listening,' he would say, 'causes the audience to listen.' This is, of course, of even more importance to-day, when so many plays are didactic and built entirely of dialogue, than it was in an age when the playwright built his play upon the safer basis of action.

When Louis created one of Bernard Shaw's leading characters, Andrew Undershaft, in *Major Barbara*, he had to utter a long harangue about things in general which was but poorly listened to by the other players and was not very effective. It clearly bored them and bored all but the most faithful in the audience. I suggested to Louis that if the author would permit it he should button-hole each of his fellow-actors and talk them stiff, and when he turned away to speak to another character the first victim should escape, and so on until he was left alone on the stage, and then he should come down to the footlights and pour sociology on the heads of the audience. He was full of the idea, but whether he ever dared to propose it I do not know. But for an actor to listen on the stage to what would bore him to tears in real life is unnatural and does not really persuade an audience to listen.

Calvert's touring days were now drawing to an end, but he still continued to keep a company going with Burnand's excellent melodrama *Proof*, in which he played Pierre Lorange, and this gave him a regular income. But he was always ready to try for higher game. As early as 1893 he produced *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon* at the Opéra Comique, and a little later played Macbeth and Anthony at the Olympic.

But his real introduction to the London theatre did not take place until Tree invited him to assist in the production of *Julius Cæsar* at Her Majesty's and to play Casca. It came about in this way, and is an instance of the familiar adage: 'What Manchester thinks to-day London thinks to-morrow.'

Richard Flanagan, who was a kind-hearted fellow, had been a

property man with Charles Calvert, and being willing to give the son of his old patron a chance, invited Louis to play in his next Shakespearean production. They chose, as I have said, the first part of *Henry IV*, and made a fine pageant of it. It was produced on February 4, 1896. A great feature was a tableau of the Battle of Shrewsbury painted by Grimshaw. Mollison played Hotspur, Mrs. Charles Calvert Dame Quickly and Cookson the King. Headed by the Lord Mayor, Manchester marched across Deansgate to the old Queen's and gave Louis a rousing reception, and the piece ran for four weeks with great success.

Beerbohm Tree, who was always ready to welcome novelty, came to see this show and was vastly pleased with Louis's production. He bought the scenery, and in May of the same year himself produced *Henry IV*, playing Falstaff. Louis did not play with him, though Tree engaged Mollison to play the King.

In November of the same year, when Tree was in Manchester, he paid Louis Calvert the compliment of asking him to play Falstaff to his Hotspur. Louis was touring in South Shields with *Proof* at the time, but gave himself leave of absence, and the result was a brilliant triumph for both actors. A Sunday banquet was given by the members of the Brasenose Club to Tree and Calvert. In those days this was considered rather a daring procedure in Manchester. But the evening was a great success, and towards Monday morning Lionel Brough was still telling delightful stories to a delighted audience. I had the fortune of telling him a Lancashire story he did not know, and as he said farewell to me to catch an early newspaper train for the North, he said very solemnly: 'Please heaven I reach Newcastle before your story.'

Louis used to date his entry into the greater world of the stage from that evening. He had, as it were, graduated in his chosen profession by playing on an equality with Tree, and a reception such as he had received from Manchester audiences was in those days a passport to London green rooms.

The next year, however, he devoted to his production at the Queen's of *Anthony and Cleopatra*. Mrs. Tree was to have played with him, but this fell through, and Miss Janet Achurch was Cleopatra. The production played to big houses for eight weeks, which was quite an unprecedented run.

No one was surprised to hear, therefore, that in January of 1898 Louis was helping Tree to produce *Julius Cæsar* at Her Majesty's. Louis was steeped in tradition and Tree was bubbling over with artistry. There was a clash of temper and personality between

them, but in the result an entertainment was arrived at which rejoiced London playgoers for six months.

From this time onward Calvert was in great demand as a producer. The next year he produced *Cyrano* for Wyndham, and not only played Billaud Varennes in *Robespierre* but arranged for Irving the crowd in the Hall of Convention, which was one of the most vivid and tumultuous mobs that ever held the stage.

Louis's ways with supers were kindly and persuasive. He seldom broke in on failure with sarcasm and impatience. He had no use for Irving's stage manager, who threw up his hands and shouted at the leaping crowd in the *Brocken Scene*: 'Ere, 'ere! not so 'appy! not so 'appy! You're not on 'Ampstead 'Eath! You're in 'ELL!' His very indefiniteness in drilling and instructing his crowds gave them a spontaneity that more scientific methods could not create. However humble the actor, he gave him something to do and made him a shareholder in the concern.

It was in the summers of these years that Louis would spend a few weeks with us in a remote farm in North Wales. He was an amusing companion and delighted the children with his drolleries. Our house had a small verandah doorway with two narrow doors, one of which was usually bolted as it was a windy place. The outlet by the half door was meagre and Louis was otherwise. I well remember one summer afternoon when I was lolling in a deck chair beneath our only tree, and the children, four of them, from five years old to twelve, were sitting on the lawn in front of the doorway basking in the sun. Suddenly Calvert appeared at the doorway and accidentally stuck in it as he was coming through. The children caught sight of him, and on the moment were off in fits of laughter which good manners required them to stifle as he came among us. But if laughter challenges manners, the latter generally get the worst of it, and the mere memory of the incident sent one or another off into small explosions of laughter. Calvert, who always wanted to be in at any fun, sought explanations, which only made them laugh the more and reprove each other for doing it, and whilst their attention was so engaged I told Calvert what the joke was. A few minutes later he went back into the house, making an elaborate sideways entrance, which started the young audience on the laugh again, and all eyes were fastened on the door watching for his return.

And he did return, and gave us one of the finest pantomimes I have ever seen. He came along loading a pipe and not looking

at the doorway at all, and stuck fairly fast in it before he was aware that he was up to it, and opened his eyes in annoyance and amazement. Four shouts of laughter greeted him. Fingers of delighted mockery were pointed at him, and he made a face as if he were on the brink of tears, which drew echoing tears of uncontrollable laughter from the youngsters. Then his pipe dropped on to the shingle path in front of the door, and he dived to get it and failed and grabbed and kicked in the air until the children threw themselves on the ground and sobbed and begged him to leave off for he was hurting them. Then Calvert, to give them a moment's respite, pulled himself together and, still fast in the doorway, rested his hand on the door-post and thought dismally, while the audience sobbed and sniffed and slowly recovered breath enough to laugh again. By a mighty effort he now backed out of the doorway and approached it, as Uncle Remus would say, 'behime' first. This was a signal for yells of delight, the more so as the manœuvre resulted in the most undignified and comic failure. All beautiful and simple people have a thoroughly broad and healthy laugh for the 'behime' quarters of man in awkward positions. A man sitting down on the ice, a man sitting on another's hat—these are situations that can never cease to be funny whilst there is any fun left in the world and simple minds to be moved to laughter. But this effort at an exit was only one of many. A carefully designed strategic move edgeways, after the fashion of Bob Acres, which was so nearly successful that it grew really exciting to watch, ended in hilarious shouts and yells, when the climax of it was the victim waving his arms and head out of the door and kicking violently inside the house and calling for help. This business having nearly reduced the audience to exhaustion, there was further pantomime of deep expressive thought, followed by a solemn retirement within the doors and a laboured and careful pulling at the bolts of the other half of the door and a ceremonial entrance through the whole double space of it with a smile and a sigh of supreme content at the glorious triumph over difficulties undergone and vanquished. I can see in my mind's eye a middle-aged gentleman with tears rolling down his cheeks and four absolutely limp children lying on the grass still gasping with laughter—dying with laughter as the phrase is—and begging Calvert in the intervals of their spasms to 'Do it again!'

It was here that Louis read me *Sweet Nell of Old Drury*. If ever a play was 'made with hands' it was *Sweet Nell*. It had

already been transformed from something quite different when I heard it and Louis was still busy fashioning it for the theatre. I remember that Judge Jeffreys sentenced someone to death in Chambers, under Order XIV as it were. My historical and legal instincts resented this, and to please me an alteration was made. At the same time Louis explained to me the utter unimportance of history on the stage as long as the action moves and the joints of the dialogue do not creak.

In spite, or perhaps because of, his unlearned outlook upon the literary aspect of the drama, Louis Calvert was an excellent judge of a play from the box-office point of view. His love of Shakespeare and other good poetry showed that he was really interested in plays as literature, but when he considered a play for the purpose of staging it, he was essentially practical in his methods. The sole question was, would it act? Or, to put it in a phrase less complimentary to the profession, was it actor-proof? He used to say *Hamlet* and *East Lynne* were absolutely actor-proof, and his own favourite, *Proof*, very nearly so. Certainly I never remember seeing a performance of *Hamlet* that did not interest me, and I have seen some strange interpretations.

Whatever Louis Calvert put his hand to he did, when he did it at all, with all his might. He became a keen golfer and went away to Scotland to learn at first-hand from the experts. He was a left-handed player and put himself in the hands of a noted and experienced Scots caddie. Louis ordered him to note what he was doing and pull him up when he went amiss. The caddie altered his grip, his stance, and everything he could think of, but no good came of it.

'Look at that!' said Louis as he topped the ball a few yards. 'What am I doing?'

'I'll watch you play the next twa shots and then I'll be tellin' ye.'

Two more fozzles followed, and then the professor shouted with glee: 'I hae it! I hae it! I know what ye're doin'! Ye're standin' the wrong side o' your ba'.'

He then sought James Braid's advice and asked him how much strength he used in driving, and received the simple advice: 'I just hit as hard as I can.' Louis tried this recipe without success. Then he put his woes before Braid, and that great man discoursed to him on grip and stance and the fixity of the head and other mysteries of the art. 'Then,' said Louis, 'I saw it! It

was just like acting. You can only throw your whole strength of passion into a scene of tense emotion if you are sure of your technique. It's just the same with driving. From that moment I began to play golf.'

He certainly became a skilled player considering the time he had to give to it, and there is no doubt that it is a valuable form of exercise for actors who seem to achieve great proficiency at the game.

It would be pleasant to recall many of Louis's successes in the Shaw Plays and in Ibsen, as well as in musical comedy and plain farce. He played in more varied rôles than most modern actors. In later years he was much in America, where he was greatly esteemed as an actor and producer.

The last part I saw him act was Caliban at the Aldwych in 1921. His performance was not well received by the critics, but personally I rather enjoyed his interpretation. After all, there is enough in the text to justify an actor playing Caliban as an anthropoid who has been dispossessed by a syndicate who have taken on the White Man's burden by occupying Caliban's island and enslaving him. Louis made more of the pathos of the poor monster's condition and laid less stress on the ugly grotesque of the creature, which I gather is all that the critics consider should be emphasised.

But in all that Louis did there was purpose and intent. He may have been wrong in his interpretations, but it was not for want of thinking things out. His little book on the art of acting shows how carefully he had thought out the practical problems of his art. And his conclusion of the matter is much the same as that intelligent playgoer, Sir Thomas Overbury, who in his character of an excellent actor says, 'Whatsoever is commendable to the grave orator, is most exquisitely perfect in the actor; for by a full and significant action of body he charms our attention: sit in a full theatre and you will think you see so many lines drawn from the circumference of so many ears, while the actor is the centre.'

Louis Calvert died in New York on July 19, 1923, at the age of 64. Only a few days before his death he had been playing with some students of the New York University whose ruling authorities recognised the good work he was doing in bringing the stage and the schools into nearer co-operation. He was never happier than when he was the centre of a group of earnest young men and women who regarded their profession as a ministry of service.

POOL POETRY.

BY WILLIAM CORNER.

LET it not be imagined that aught here has been set down in mockery or malice. The whole concern and intention of this article is for the restoration to health of the poetic literature of this new age. Our new poets, like the new poets of other past new ages, had become more than wearied of certain of the conventions of their elders. They decided that those conventions were a disease, and they condemned them as such. France, in the word 'cliché,' provided these critics with a fashionable, if not wholly appropriate name for one of the chief symptoms of this alleged disease. Clichés, of course, may be the stereotype either of words or of images. What the new poets forgot, or did not recognise in their impatience, was, that what they took for disease might be merely the weakness that is inherent to any mode of human expression that seeks to progress beyond naked simplicity. Anything beyond such simplicity is factitious and artificial; and inevitably develops—or degenerates—to a convention—in so far as it may attain to an agreement, or to a following. In that sense all that belongs to advancement in art is some form of convention. And the most deadly menace to any movement in art, threatening a swift extinction, is a crafty resort by the disciples to a feigned simplicity. The true name of feigned simplicity is humbug. It is a consolation to reflect that humbug in art is a fleeting fashion. Long accepted conventions are the more honest and natural of the excrescences upon simplicity. In some form or another then, the new poets' rediscovered disease is always with us. Poetry, just now, is suffering from an aggravated and intimately related form of this old complaint. The curious thing about this outbreak is, that it is due to an over-indulgence by our poets, the doctors, themselves in search of a cure, in the delights of an attractive dope, a nostrum of suit-all symbolism that provides neither help nor freedom of remedial treatment. The deadly habit of quackery is indeed insidious to all human ideas. Thus they swallow eagerly what is nothing more nor less than poisons in disguise, or capsuled clichés. Symptoms are appearing that give cause for yet graver alarm. It is the purpose of the writer only to show that our poets are given to one particular indulgence or propensity that offers a proof of this assertion; and that that indulgence, with others of a

like nature, invite the visitation of a genuine plague—a sleeping sickness of the imagination; and that it forecasts, in irony, not renewed health, but a new sterile age. ‘Plus ça change, plus c’est la même chose.’ It is as if a beloved victim of drink had definitely and finally taken to some soul-destroying drug habit.

It would be wrong to make such a general literary accusation without offering chapter and verse for evidence and reference. An attempt to do this will be made in the arraignment that is to follow. To many it would seem to be an incredible accusation were such evidence not forthcoming. Examples and citations will be given from sources, publications, and authors, for which and for whom the writer holds the highest respect. With all the evidence that he will place before them, editors and authors alike, he feels sure they will recognise the justice and the urgency of the points raised.

The new poets, then, would have themselves to believe that this is, unquestionably, a new age of fresh, emancipated thought, point of view, and method in song and poetry. As poets ever believed, so do they now. It is an age, it is insisted, that is endeavouring honestly, and so earnestly, to cleanse its literature of outworn conventions, and clichés of all kinds. None the less, we find it in danger of fastening upon its own dialect, its own letters, its own artistry, a hackneyed catch-symbol—an outstanding representative of others—such a cliché, that must, even now, evermore brand and mar the collective verses of our neo-Georgian poets. So far, there has not been one word of warning or of protest from any critic or editor. The critics themselves, as will presently be seen, have become infected. This is not to say that time will not bring perspective, but perspective is ironic—we have Einstein’s word for that—and it has become one of time’s most dire revenges. A future age will as confidently place in its period a piece of ‘neo-pool’ poetry as we ourselves do the verses of those, our forefathers, who Yon’d, and Lo’d, and Ah’d, and O’d, in a preceding age. Shakespeare and Milton yon’d occasionally. Gray, Burns, Southey, Byron, Scott, Shelley, Keats and many another yon’d freely when they felt like it. Wordsworth, great as he was, was an egregious ‘yon’er.’ That mild form of the malady spread until those very minor poets, such as those, say, of the Paisley school, arose, who one and all yon’d—‘like the butler buttled’: which brought about the close of that age. And we recollect with grim satisfaction how a poem that opened with, ‘Lo, the poor Indian’ gave rise to a humorous interpretation that laughed the habitual ‘Lo’er’ out of countenance. So poets, prophets, and authors, have in the far

past quite justifiably sung and written marvellously and rhythmically of 'pools,' from David and Isaiah, Horace and St. John, King Alfred and his contemporaries, and Shakespeare down to Keats, Emerson, and Tennyson; all with discretion and vital literary force. It has been left to this present age, and to this last decade in particular, to wallow in 'pools,' and to submerge readers in pools of every sort; to establish itself definitely as 'the great pool age.' If there be a disease, in the poetry of to-day, this symbol has certainly become the sure sign and symptom of a virulent form of it; for present-day poetry has broken out in 'pools' all over. The vaccine must be discovered quickly. There would be humour in the situation if it were not so serious a threat to the well-being of the literature of our time. Perhaps, however, the antitoxin, or serum is only to be cultivated in the test-tubes of mirth. If so, we need not—we must not—deny ourselves laughter. Let us diagnose for a moment, in our best bedside manner; for the worst must be ascertained: 'How deep seated is the malady? There is evident lack of resource, invention, and vital force. What about diet? Is the ailment due to the modern choice of literary diet, the canned and potted varieties? In that class of foods all vitamins necessary to intellectual vitality have been boiled out of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. Complications are always to be feared from persistence in bad habits.' Let us be frank with ourselves, or the chronic debility of poetry will be the result.

In order to detect just how a robust and healthy use of a wholly legitimate symbol grew to be such an obsession, evidence must now be advanced from the beginning.

In this writer, at least, there has been aroused a real fear of running unaware upon the 'pool' symbol. It has spoilt for him any first surprise-joy in reading a good poem of the day. He sympathises with the cat which is offered a dainty: the tit-bit has to be scanned, examined, and sniffed at before acceptance. Therefore this effort and appeal.

Beyond looking up in the Oxford Dictionary the historical aspect of the word 'pool,' no special study or research of pool poetry has been made. The multiplied instances here given are simply some of those run across in the ordinary course of the daily readings of a man in the street. They suffice to indicate the necessity for our literary high priests to call a halt to the intemperate use of 'cool' and other 'pools' by the poets of the day. There must be *hundreds of other instances* to be recorded beyond these of the narrow limits of this writer's reading. It is indeed moving to

find how many poets fall to that so obvious rhyme to 'pool,' 'cool.' The next rhyme, in order of classification, is 'fool' which seems a natural sequence. To some of the older poets, the 'pool' did not always suggest 'cool'; probably because the 'Drake of Hell,' that 'old Dragon, Satan,' did not exactly wallow in cool waters. In 'The Pains of Hell' (O.E. Misc.) we are assured that,

'Ifulled is that fule pool
That ever is hot, and never cool.'

It has been the rhyme, rather than the sense that has stuck.

On the other hand, in the exquisite rhythmical English of the Bible, we are told that Isaiah associated dragons with cooler haunts :

'And the parchéd ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water : in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes.' Is. xxxv. 7.

Throughout the continuity of pool poetry, grass, reeds, rushes, and reflections will be found to play a natural accompaniment to this symbol.

David also sings refreshingly and triumphantly of pools : 'Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well ; the rain also filleth the pools.' Now Baca was a valley of great misery and thirstiness. There was ample excuse there for David entertaining and singing his physical and mental joy in pools.

It is in the New Testament that the most perfect pool poetry is to be found. There is no necessity to quote *in extenso*, here, the lovely, measured passages of St. John's Gospel, in Chapters v and ix. They are easily accessible to us all. They are dramatic pool poetry of the very highest order :

'Now there is at Jerusalem, by the sheep market a pool,' etc., etc. John v.

'And said unto him, Go, wash in the pool of Siloam, (which is by interpretation, Sent.)—etc. John ix.

They will bear reading again, and yet again.

About nine hundred years afterwards, King Alfred, and his age, wrote appreciatively of the pools that, 'Saloman, this wisan mounnes made.' And his successors wrote of the pool of Siloam. So that St. John had not written of pools in vain.

And then 'pools' lost caste for an age ; probably because of their pollution, and of the arrival of the 'cess-pool.' No doubt we may place the Black and other plagues to their account : and for long, the chief record is of, 'stinkand pules' ; 'every rottin sink' ;

'poulez and ponds; stanks and gutterez of mire and filth.' Even to Shakespeare the pool suggested little beyond 'the filthy mantled pool,' Ariel's unwholesome mantrap behind Prospero's cell.¹ And so on to modern times, when hygiene abolished such association; and beautiful, spiritual and intellectual, and cool and clean things only, were again associated with the symbol. Three-quarters of a century ago, Ruskin wrote with vision and simplicity, 'There is hardly a roadside pond or pool which has not as much landscape in it as above it.' And upon that obvious text, in that particular sense and light, many really legitimate and quite beautiful verses have been written.

One of the most satisfying poems on roadside pools is one that appeared in *Punch* in August 1922, called 'The Watering Pool, with some Reflections,' beginning:

'The pool where horses come to drink
Is filled with roses to the brink.'

In this charming poem, the quivering reflections in water of rose-covered walls, and garden flowers, the tall hollyhocks and geraniums, on a sunny summer afternoon, are sketched with a sure and loving hand.

Another verse on similarly wholesome lines is from A. E. Housman's 'Shropshire Lad,' XX:

'The pools and rivers wash so clean
The trees and clouds and air,
The like on earth was never seen
And oh that I were there.'

And again in LII:

'The poplars stand and tremble
By pools I used to know':

Unfortunately, the poet becomes cynical; and, later on, he blasphemes, indirectly, against his own song:

'But oh, good Lord, the verse you make
It gives a chap the belly ache';

and he bids us go to beer for comfort, for,

'Many a peer of England brews
Livelier liquor than the Muse,
And malt does more than Milton can
To justify God's ways to man.'

¹ Ref. also, 2 Henry VI. Act. iv. Sc. i.

Instead of into pools, he advises us to,

‘Look into the pewter pot
To see the world as the world’s not.’

But ‘street pools,’ and ‘road pools’ continue to reflect the contemplations of our sober poets; and pools are magnified in almost daily songs, until even the critics themselves are infected, as may be seen from the following passage from a Review, in *The Spectator*, of W. B. Yeats’ ‘Autobiographies’:

‘Mr. Yeats is not silent . . . yet it has the clarity and carrying power of evening light. What discussions he permits himself fit into the whole *like rain-pools on a road*. You look into them, and find no immediate decoration. You see rather the hollow and spacious beauty of the sky focused there; and any quiet traffic of wings which may appear in that vast solitude of light is reflected in these little pools and given a new significance because of its confinement therein.’

November, 20, 1926.

Rossetti sang in his agitated manner:

‘Close by his feet he saw it shake
With wind in pools that the rains make:—
The ripple set his eyes to ache.’

Among the very moderns W. J. Turner and E. L. Davison find in wayside pools a poetic resource. In *The London Mercury* No. 10, W. J. Turner writes:

‘In street pools lay.’

In *The London Mercury* No. 9, E. L. Davison brings into his picture:

‘Past the farmhouse and the pool,
Smiling at the village fool.’

But let us turn for a moment to the consideration of a few poems of the ‘cool-pool’ order.

Perhaps we should first take Horace to task for providing the *fons et origo* of this class, with his ‘gelidos . . . rivos,’ in

‘O fons Bandusiae, splendor vitro,
te flagrantis atrox hora Caniculae
nescit tangere—.’

Among the greater lights of our modern poets, Keats and

Emerson were conspicuous, early victims to the fatal facility of this rhyme that sets a trap :¹

‘The dashing fount pour’d on and where its pool
Lay half asleep, in grass and rushes cool.’

Keats—*Endymion*.

And Emerson gives us :

‘The purple petals fallen in the pool
Made the black water with their beauty gay ;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,’—

Who will not ‘remember’ Thomas Hood’s

‘And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.’

Our Poet Laureate, Dr. Bridges, writes :

‘ . . . where the pool
Eddies away, are tangled mass on mass
The water weeds that net the fishes cool,’

and again :

‘But in the purple pool’—

and still again :

‘Straight to the caverned pool his toil has made

His summer streams are cool

O pool and flowery thickets, hear my vow !’

It is scarcely to be wondered at that many a lesser mind should have become enamoured, Narcissus-like, of reflections upon the ‘cool-pool.’ Time carries, dangling at his girdle, a bulky bouquet of wilted jonquils interspersed with a few everlasting flowers.

F. W. Harvey, in his poem entitled ‘Ducks,’ with a kind of youthful audacity, sings :

‘By water cool

Beneath the pool.’

In an excellent, but not highly inspired poem, which he calls

¹ In respect to this and equally facile pool jingles the writer is reluctant to quote passages, that do exist, illustrating the extremely sad lapses of Sir Edmund Gosse and Mr. Humbert Wolfe. Nevertheless, we must not despair because of them, or lament too loudly ‘How are the mighty fallen’; but, with a constant eye to the future well-being of poetry, there is urgent reason to enquire, here and now, gravely, how it can possibly happen that the mighty, from generation to generation, do fail to ‘tumble to’ this simple literary booby trap.

'Spirit to Body discarded,' C. H. Warren employs this duplex in this manner :

'Those joys that glowed, those hot
Passions, or all those cool
And permanent loves that like a pool
Shone in you, you will remember not.'

The Spectator, Oct. 9, 1926.

Wilfred Wilson Gibson, upon a note of tragic realism, intones :

'He sought and found an icy pool
Though he had but a cap to fill,
And bathed her hands and face, until
The troubled breath was quieter
And her flushed forehead felt quite cool.'

V. Sackville West gives us this glimpse in 'Summer' :

'Gathers the freshet to the jealous pool,
And floods his garden with a hundred streams
Under the plane-trees when the evening's cool.'

Rupert Brooke, a greatly loved poet : Who would dare grudge him his clear, clean songs of fresh water ?

'Oh, is the water sweet and cool
Gentle and brown above the pool ?'

The Old Vicarage, Grantchester.

'Still in the dawn-lit waters cool
His ghostly Lordship swims the pool.'

Grantchester.

W. B. Yeats, in 'The Man who Dreamed of Faeryland,' sedge warbles :

'But one small knot-grass growing by the pool
Told where, ah, little, all-unneeded voice !
Old Silence bids a lonely folk rejoice
And chaplet their calm brows with leafage cool.'

Somehow one naturally expects this Irish poet to sing his best :

'Where the wandering water gushes
From the hills . . .
In pools among the rushes
That scarce could bathe a star.'

The Stolen Child.

William Douglas has this to say :

'And sunset glories glimmer through
The boughs . . .
And set ablaze the quiet, cool
Clear waters of a fairy pool.'

Glasgow Herald, April 6, 1927.

E. Blunden, a good poet, but addicted to poetry of the pool variety, has a 'cool-pool' couplet, but introduces variety with 'Waterpit,' in *The London Mercury*, No. 11.

There are many Sitwell pools, mostly, characteristically cool—such as this from 'Shadow' by Sacheverell Sitwell :

'Shadow, Shadow,
Come to meet me

Be a fountain, a jet of ice
The full-leaved trees to cool ;
And here as by throw of dice
Turn the hot hill happy,
Bathe its burnings in your pool.'

From *The 13th Cæsar* : XVIII.

He also has 'pools of sunlight' and 'fish pools' and other 'water pools,' etc., all extremely cool. This poet should have been an Arctic Explorer. His poems appropriately scintillate with flashes like Northern Lights.

Osbert Sitwell also is inclined to burst into ecstatic song over pools of low temperature :

'While pools
The cold eyes of the gods
Are cradled in those hollows.'

Martin Armstrong, a poet of considerable attainment, in three separate numbers of *The London Mercury*, Nos. 5, 10, 15, brings in two 'cool-pool' verses, and one, by way of change, or to show what he can do if he really tries :

'The wine-red pool of carpet.'

L. D'O. Walters, in 'An Anthology of Recent Poetry,' 1924, gives us the following example in a poem entitled, 'All is spirit and part of me' :

'— And dreamt with the moorland pools ;
I have raced with the water's whirl
And lain where their anger cools.'

The foregoing are a few examples of the 'cool-pool' type. They are largely culled, haphazard, from the work of the more serious poets of the day. The evil is, that they are slavishly copied by innumerable very minor poets ; such as,

- (a) 'In the depths of the wood
Where the air is cool
Lies a tarn, they call it
The dead man's pool.'
- (b) "'We are all of use," said the other trees,
"But this idle pool;
How can it lie there stretched at ease,
So calm and cool."'
- (c) 'Your arm about me, cool,
As a flowered rill,
Your eyes above me, still
As a forest pool.'
- (d) 'Its sides, you see, are green and steep,
The water clear and cool,
Not over broad, nor over deep,
My own, my Silent, Pool.'

Infection spreads apace, and afar! Perhaps the last example was 'wrote sarcastic'—it may be hoped so!

A time came to the writer when a desire for fair criticism suggested that a partial list of the various kinds of pools upon which our poets were exercising their ingenuity should be made, and that some sort of classification should be attempted. In an age that would ban the adjective, there are found songs or verses about, 'cool-pools,' 'cold pools,' 'fool pools,' 'round pools,' 'wide pools,' 'deep pools,' 'deeper pools,' 'shallow pools,' 'hot pools,' 'bright pools,' 'shining pools,' 'limpid pools,' 'pale pools,' 'dark pools,' 'darkling pools,' 'sky pools,' 'water pools,' 'idle pools,' 'troubled pools,' 'sacred pools,' 'rose pools,' 'green pools,' 'purple pools,' 'cerulean pools,' 'azure pools,' 'silver pools,' 'celestial pools,' 'sequestered pools,' 'desolate pools,' 'lonely pools,' 'road pools,' 'street pools,' 'peaty pools,' 'caverned pools,' 'mountain pools,' 'moorland pools,' 'mill pools,' 'fish pools,' 'reedy pools,' 'meadow pools,' 'rush pools,' 'lush pools,' 'hushed pools' (and these last suggested that there may well be 'gush,' 'mush,' 'slush,' and likewise 'tush' pools), 'rain pools,' 'pools of earth,' 'pools of sunlight,' 'pools of moonlight,' 'pools of light,' 'pools of memory,' 'pools of mud'; there was a 'stagnant pool,' and, *mirabile dictu*, a 'cankered pool.' Surely, that was the limit! But no, Mr. Alan Porter, in *The London Mercury*, No. 11, actually sang a 'ruckling pool.' Mr. Porter, who apparently could miss the majesty of Mark Twain's Mississippi, endeavouring to write 'an immortal little thing

of his own' about a 'ruckling pool,' conjures up a picture that is not entirely devoid of serious humour. But then Mr. Porter is a young genius who can babble complacently of the 'shortcomings of Shakespeare.' In a review of Sir A. Quiller Couch's book, 'Shakespeare's Workmanship,' Mr. Alan Porter writes: 'If we try to bring him [Shakespeare] visibly before our minds we must remember that he [Shakespeare] was a man who could commit precisely these æsthetic offences.' And concerning Macbeth's Witches, Mr. Porter goes on to say: 'At least they lack the most thoroughgoing vividness of conviction.'

And here a doubt arises in the mind. Would it not seem reasonable to suppose that reflections from the surface of a 'ruckling pool' could convince us with no 'thoroughgoing vividness' of anything on earth?

Macaulay's 'pool of blood,' in which the 'bravest Tuscans lay,' it seems to be a relief to introduce at this point.

The list given is by no means exhaustive. It will perhaps suffice; and the arraignment must proceed with more variety. Specimens with the briefest possible comment shall be given.

Tennyson, in a quite early poem, 'The Miller's Daughter,' wrote, as he always wrote of natural things, with insight and accurate observation, of pools.

Stevenson has this fancy of approaching winter:

'Autumnal frosts enchant the pool
And make the cart-ruts beautiful.'

Masefield essentially could not be a pooler. A man who has windjammed in waters about the Horn, is not likely, ecstasically, to windjam about the haunts of the bullfrog.

Similarly, one fancies that Chestertonian and Bellocian pools, if such exist, might fragrantly recall the House that Jack built.¹

'My tearful soul did slip into those silver pools.'

Dormer Creston. *The London Mercury*, No. 2.

¹ Alas, since the writing of this perhaps too generous tribute, Mr. Chesterton has shown symptoms of succumbing to the malign pool influence! A few days ago this writer was 'perusing,' with cheerful and confident spirit, one of Mr. Chesterton's charming verses, when he came with a jar—(it was just an ordinary sudden jar)—upon this line, 'So under the green roof of scum The tadpole is'—There was a swift, disturbing picture of Mr. Chesterton, helpless in the depths of a stagnant pool, gazing upwards at all sorts of floating horrors—but the conceived nightmare was too horrible—Mr. Belloc is implored to go to his friend's aid, to reason with him, to save him, before the demon of the pool claims yet another victim.

Geoffrey Dearmer in *The London Mercury*, No. 8, has seen

‘Celestial pools bestirred.’

Edgell Rickwood is somewhat sentimental :

‘This pool her image falls upon.’

Robt. A. F. Nicholl, in *The London Mercury*, No. 19, slides

‘Into those deeper pools.’

Peter Quennall comes gently to earth :

‘Through air’s wide pools I came
I had no light, nor flame——’

Barrington Gates, in *The London Mercury*, No. 20, is somewhat introspective :

‘I am they say a darkling pool
Where huge and cunning lurks a fool.’

John Drinkwater bids us

‘Hist . . . over Olton pools !’

Edith Sitwell has in her garden of verses an interesting pool or two. The ‘swan-skin’ surface sounds a bit scummy, after so much of fresh and cool waters from other poets.

Katherine Tynan, in *The Spectator*, January 15, 1927, glows with this verse :

‘Somewhere the sunset turns to rose,
And all the world is faintly pink
Lit through with golden fires and those
Rose pools where rosy cattle drink.’

Ida Groves, in *The Spectator*, August 5, 1922, pipes, Pan-like :

‘But let your face light its surprise
To pools and trees and peeping eyes.’

Schuyler B. Jackson, in *The Spectator*, May 19, 1923, sings, regardless of the danger of slippery banks :

‘They leave their rushes and chase
Two fleet moons round their pools.’

John Freeman has a leaning to pools, he sings in *The London Mercury*, No. 12, of, ‘Reedy pools,’ and in *The Spectator*, ‘Beside the pool.’

Flecker—and, somehow, one is not disappointed in the expectation of originality—sang :

‘And the shield was a grief to the fool and
as bright as a desolate pool.’

Lascelles Abercrombie describes

‘ And troubled pools of it shaking in the sun——.’

Karl Parsons in *The London Mercury*, March 1927, records that

‘ The ivy nods above the bowl
As drowsy with its pleasant fume—
The laurel waves an honoured plume
Reflected in the mirror’s pool.’

W. J. Turner, performs the ‘ hat-trick ’ in one poem in *The London Mercury*, No. 11 :

- (a) ‘ In street pools lay ’ :
- (b) ‘ Pale pools of earth ’ :
- (c) ‘ From what deep pools of mud.’

And in *The London Mercury*, No. 19 :

‘ Eve’s shining pools.’

And in *The London Mercury*, No. 10 :

‘ In calm sky pools.’

Here he also cheers us with what is almost a perfect poetical Spoonerism :

‘ The trumpets crumple——’

It is inevitable that the cheerful idiot in reading that delightful phrase should hear in faery-land

‘ The crumpets trumple.’

And when under the same inspiration the poet sings a ‘ heavenly sloop ’—a reader, in natural doubt of printer—or poet—might justly ask, ‘ Is it a misprint for heavenly pools ? ’ And again he writes—and again—

‘ The still pools of the rockery.’

Walter De La Mare writes whimsically :

‘ Gleams like a pool the ballroom floor.’

Mem. Was it the bathroom floor,—was it ?

V. Sackville West, a poet and a real lover of nature, should constantly recall that there is around and above, as well as in the depths, all earth, and sky, as well as confined water :

—‘ the little lichens
The tiny life at fell’s foot, peaty pools,
Learning their detail.’

The London Mercury, March 1927.

‘Lustrous as armour, wet rocks, and still, round pool.’

The London Mercury, March 1927.

And again :

‘And skipped in the pool of the moon as she ran.’

E. Shanks—also true poet, could afford to look around to any horizon :

‘Thus the light wrinkles on an azure pool.’

Hymn to Desire.

‘The river flings me in an idle pool.’

Sonnet, The Pool.

A man who could write the following lines, for instance, has no need to harp on any one particular type of imagery :

‘O God, who fill’st with shifting imagery

The blue page of the sky,

Thus writ’st thou also, with as vague a pen,

In the immenser hearts of dreaming men.’

Clouds.

C. Henry Warren, in *The Spectator*, November 12, 1922, writes :

‘The skies above the pond are bubble-bright

In the still moon : and the leaves unstirring

Hold each a pool of light.’

Robert Graves—one could wish—one has almost a right to expect—is just a little too inclined to be grebeish—sings—in *The Spectator*, November 28, 1925 :

‘As I lay quietly in the grass

Half dreaming, half awake,

I saw four children barefoot pass

Across the tufted brake :

The sky was glass, the pools were glass

And not a leaf did shake.’

Which is good as a dreamer, but this, as a rider, not quite so convincing :

‘Now over the rough turf

Bridles go jingle

And there’s a well loved pool

By Fox’s Dingle.’

In *The London Mercury*, No. 15, some amount of grebeishness is also apparent: he, there, even symbolises the symbol:

‘For robin and thrush
For the long bulrush.’

W. H. Davies contributes to the mass of evidence another too introspective verse:

‘When I look into a glass
I see a fool:
But I see a wise man
When I look into a pool.’

There is yet one fresh-water pearl of ‘great price’ which the writer finds loose in his pocket book, without any record of the name of the ‘merchant’ poet who secured it. It is fitting and just that it should be here advertised:

‘Hid in the marsh of years lies the still pool of memory.’

The foregoing is a sincere appeal for sanity, and watchfulness. It is the tendency that is to be feared. The particular propensity that has been treated of, and illustrated in this record, has been stressed only because it was believed to be an apt and fair illustration of the tendency. The trouble does not end with it. It is typical. Similar tricks will readily occur to the minds of regular students of modern poetry. Poets must examine themselves faithfully, and with discipline.

Finally some tribute must be paid to some of our poets who seem to have suggested by example how this pool temptation may be avoided or overcome. Mr. J. C. Squire, a very interesting poet, and the able editor of *The London Mercury*, is, nevertheless, as much to blame, perhaps, as anyone for the continuance of the epidemic. As Editor he has encouraged a perfect orgy of the ‘pool’ symbol. It must be recorded of him that he managed to write a long and beautiful poem about the moon without once stumbling into a single pool. There are evidences of sore temptation, but he refrained.

‘The tranquil river
Not shaken by a quiver’—

he writes in his *London Mercury*; which reminds us of Thomas Hood.

And again,

‘The harmonious sadness of twilight on willowed waters.’
The London Mercury, No. 24.

Nor is the Editor of *The Spectator* free from blame, as may have been noted herein.

Even W. J. Turner, replete with frequent draughts of pool water, writes in *The Spectator* of June 9, 1923 :

‘ Their smiles are lakes.’

Richard Hughes finds a ‘ pond ’ to suit him, *The Spectator*, July 21, 1923.

Gerald Miller, writing also on ‘ Luna,’ forgoes the ‘ pool ’ :

‘ A thousand rivers, lakes and seas
Hold up their mirrors to her gaze.’

The Spectator, May 26, 1923.

And again :

‘ Cold as her watery mirrors.’

Kipling, who, instinctively, and with a sure hand, pulls out the right organ stop, plays us this, impressively :

‘ By the hoof of the Wild Goat up-tossed
From the Cliff where She lay in the Sun,
Fell the Stone
To the Tarn where daylight is lost,
So She fell from the light of the Sun,
And alone.’

Also :

‘ Only the dewpond on the height
Unfed, that never fails,
Whereby no tattered herbage tells
Which way the season flies—
Only our close-bit thyme that smells
Like dawn in Paradise.’

Matthew Arnold wrote :

‘ Mild shines the cold spring in the moon’s clear light,
God ! ’Tis her face plays in the waters bright.’

Walt Whitman showed strength in ‘ the croaking in ponds,’ and when he saw ‘ In shimmer of waters the cerulean above.’

So that there are ways out and around for every poet under temptation.

WHEN THE MOON BE BIG.

MR. JOHN CHARTERIS, Travelling Commissioner in the colony of the Gold Coast, sat on his food box and watched his party reassemble after the midday halt. Hammockmen, carriers, the police orderly, old Quashie his cook, and the little boy Quacoo, his body servant.

The orderly, who acted as agent in advance, saluted and started off, and the carriers, lifting their 60-lb. loads, followed. Quashie arranged the hammock, and little Quacoo called out that all was ready.

It was the end of the dry season and the level plain was dead with the fierce heat, but lizards abounded and locusts arose from the dusty grass in clouds. Charteris pulled the hammock-tilt over his face to shut out the glare, and lit his pipe. At the end of half an hour the hammock halted suddenly.

'Something in the road, sah,' called out Quacoo. 'Two women, and they are crying.'

'Bring them here,' said Charteris.

Quacoo, full of importance, ran off, and returned with two women whose dress showed them to be Mohammedans. On seeing the white man they stopped their crying and bowed low.

'What's the matter? Ask them, Quacoo.'

'They have a complaint to make, sah. Three days ago they come to the village where we be going, and there were three of them. And the complaint is that now there be only two. The third, a little child, be lost. The daughter of that woman,' and he pointed to the younger of the two. 'Last evening they go out to get fire-wood, and when they get back the child was not. They search for her all the time, and this morning when they look they meet our orderly and he tell them you come. They be poor people and strangers, and they appeal to you to help them.'

'Has anyone ill-treated them?'

'No, sah. But they cannot find their child.'

'They will have to come back to the village with me. How far is it?'

'Bout one hour and one half, sah.'

'Very well. Tell them to follow,' said Charteris, and the hammock started off again.

And now the character of the country began to change. The path left the hot, dusty plain and ascended into the forest, then traversing a narrow defile of red sandstone it ran beneath a giant cottonwood tree down a gentle slope into a small village.

The orderly who was awaiting them led the way to where a good-sized hut stood by itself. Charteris entered and found the house was far superior to those he had been meeting with. The walls were new and unstained, the thatch was fresh, the floor swept and tidy, and there were two finely carved native stools and a small table. After the heat and discomfort of the day's march the shadowy interior was cool and inviting.

The bearers leant the hammock against the wall and went off to massage their aching necks and shoulders. Then the loads began to arrive, and Quashie unpacked and set up the travelling bed and Quacoo filled the canvas bath and got out some fresh flannels. Charteris was established for the night.

Soon Quacoo brought a kettle of hot water and Charteris shaved and tubbed. He was sorely afflicted with prickly heat, and the little boy was anointing him with lime juice when a discordant bell suddenly disturbed the silence.

'What on earth's that?' he exclaimed, stopping short in his ablutions.

'I t'ink it be a chapel, sah,' said Quacoo. 'The orderly tell me just now there be a preacher man up here. And look, sah. There go the chief and some of the people.'

An elderly man, accompanied by a couple of headmen and a stool-bearer, crossed the open space in front of the hut.

'S'pose, sah, the preacher man ask to see you. What shall I say to him?'

'Bring him to me. But wait till I have rested a bit. Now go and tell Quashie to hurry. I'm hungry.'

After dinner, stretched in a long chair and pleasantly tired, Charteris watched the moon, now within a couple of days of her zenith, sail up into the clear sky and flood the land with a soft light. With a feeling of annoyance he awaited the singing and drumming with which African peoples greet the white nights. But none came. The village remained silent. Though pleased, for this promised a good sleep, he was also puzzled and faintly disturbed. He lay smoking and dozing until, about an hour later, Quacoo bustled up and presented a piece of paper on which was pencilled the words 'The Reverend Daniel Macauley.'

Now Travelling Commissioners exist but to wander through the

country, and they come across curious people. Bogus lawyers, scholars, representatives of the Government self-appointed, men who journey inland and fasten themselves leech-like upon the ignorant native kings, men without scruples who often give a great deal of trouble. Charteris, then, was prepared to be suspicious of his clerical visitor.

He could not but admit that the first appearance of the native preacher impressed him favourably. He was an elderly man, and his hair, or rather wool, was grey. His threadbare black clothes were carefully brushed, his white tie was neat, his shirt was clean, and he wore a pair of handsome gold-rimmed spectacles across his broad nose. He removed his wideawake hat but did not offer to shake hands, and when, at Charteris' civil invitation, he sat down he did so without arrogance.

'The Reverend Daniel Macauley, I think?' said Charteris.

'Yes, sir, that is so.' The preacher spoke slowly and in rather a rough voice. 'I have come to welcome you on behalf of myself and the King.'

'Thank you. I was surprised to hear your bell, and to find a Mission right away up here. Have you been long in these parts?'

'About four years, sir,' said Mr. Macauley, placing his hat on the ground and leaning forward in his chair. 'It is indeed a long way inland. I had a Mission down on the coast, but as you see, sir, my eyes are dimming and my hair is turning white. I found that I could no longer prevail with the smart young people of the towns, so I came up here, where my work has been crowned with success.'

'I expect I have to thank you for the cleanliness of this house. And as I passed through the village I noticed it was much tidier than most places of its size. This, no doubt, is also owing to your influence.'

'Well, sir, I have tried to teach the people that cleanliness is next to godliness,' said Mr. Macauley with a smile.

Charteris was interested. This was a man of a different type from what he had expected. 'You seem to have succeeded in your work,' he said; 'if you have time to spare I should like to hear something about it.'

Thus encouraged, the preacher began to talk. At first, indeed, his speech was plain and coarse, and he spoke with the volubility of the negro, but as he grew absorbed he proved to be a man not only of education but of ability. The roughness dropped from his voice and he used forms and expressions surprisingly well

considered. Charteris noted the change, and smoked and listened, until the conversation was almost entirely confined to Mr. Macauley, who, realising this at last, stopped in some embarrassment.

'I fear, sir, I have wearied you. The pleasure I have had in speaking once more with an English gentleman must be my excuse.'

'Oh, no,' said Charteris. 'I have been greatly interested. But it seems a pity that a man of your powers should be buried alive up here.'

'Ah, sir, I do not look upon it in that way,' said Mr. Macauley, earnestly. 'The work is the same everywhere. I have the chapel and the children and——'

'By the way,' said Charteris, interrupting him, 'two women stopped me on the road yesterday and told me they had lost a child in this village. Do you know anything of it?'

'Lost a child,' repeated Mr. Macauley, slowly. 'Lost a child! No child has been lost here.'

'That's very strange. The women's tale sounded genuine, and they were in great distress. I promised them I would see what could be done. I shall hold an inquiry to-morrow at 10 o'clock. Could you attend, and bring the King?'

'Certainly, sir, with pleasure. But I am afraid you will have your trouble for nothing. I am sure no child has been lost here. May I ask, sir, if you are making a long stay?'

'I must rest my men, they have had a hard time. I shall remain till the day after to-morrow.'

'I had hoped, sir, you might have been here for a longer period. And now, if you will excuse me, I will ask leave to say good night. I thank you very much for a pleasant evening. I will be here at 10 o'clock. Good night, sir. Good night.' And taking up his hat Mr. Macauley departed.

Little Quacoo was standing in the moonlight waiting till it should please his master to go to bed. The preacher stopped and spoke to him, then he patted his head and passed on.

'What did Mr. Macauley say to you?' asked Charteris when the small boy came up.

'He say, sah, I look a good little boy. Then he say, "Why you not be asleep? It be bad for little people to walk about when the moon be big."'

'Well, let down my mosquito net and then you can go to bed,' said Charteris, with a great yawn. 'Oh, and tell the orderly to have those women here at 10 to-morrow.'

The next morning Mr. Macauley, accompanied by the King

and two of his chiefs, duly presented himself, and when the usual salutations and compliments were passed, Charteris raised the question of the missing child. His Majesty, who was a very tall, very black, and very taciturn gentleman, met all his interrogations with a blank denial and demanded to see the women. To Charteris's great indignation he found they had disappeared. His closest questionings led to no result, and baffled and vexed he was at last compelled to dismiss the King, who departed in sullen silence.

'Most unsatisfactory,' he said to Mr. Macauley. 'If no child has been lost, what was the meaning of the women's complaint and disappearance?'

The preacher took off his spectacles and slowly polished them. 'There are many strange people about, sir, who are not so simple as they look. Perhaps these women hoped to get money from you. Then when you made them come back to the village, where they knew they would be found out, they got frightened and ran away.'

'It may be so,' said Charteris, doubtfully. 'But it is not convincing. The demeanour of the King was hostile also. Why was that? I suppose there is nothing going on here which I ought to know?'

The kindly black man looked troubled; then he said in a hesitating way, 'I—I don't think so, sir. No, if there were anything wrong I should know of it. Also, sir, you must remember I am alone up here and a long way from help. I should not like to make complaints against the King—or his people.'

'But you are under my protection. At any time you have only to let me know down at Cape Coast and help should be sent you immediately.'

'I thank you, sir. I am grateful, and will remember. Would you like me to show you round the village, sir?'

Quashie coming in at that moment to announce that breakfast was ready, Charteris shook his head. 'Thank you. I won't trouble you to do that. But I should be glad if you would come round again this evening and have another talk.'

The preacher looked gratified and assented. Then he went away.

When the evening had brought a little coolness Charteris, with Quacoo at his heels, walked into the street. There was nothing to attract special notice, the houses were of the ordinary type, mud and thatch. The Palaver tree was a big baobab, and under it was the pile of logs on which the village council sat. He strolled into the King's house, but it was empty, as was also the chapel. The latter was unfurnished save for a sort of rough pulpit; the

congregation evidently brought their seats with them. One feature of a West African village was missing—the fetish shrine sheltering the doll-like idol. He concluded Mr. Macauley had managed to abolish it.

The only thing that seemed at all out of the common was the absence of the women and children and the old men. He did not expect to encounter the younger men, as they are never seen during the day in West Africa. But when he entered an occasional compound he found nobody there, and he met no one within speaking distance. He thoroughly explored the little place and then he pursued the path by which he had entered the village on the previous afternoon and stopped beneath the giant cottonwood to light a cigarette. Here the ground was deeply fissured and broken, and he had just decided that he would go no further when his attention was attracted by something he had not noticed before. In one place the thorns which studded the buttress of the great tree had been removed. Impelled by curiosity he clambered round the trunk, and pushing aside the undergrowth found himself on a narrow path which ran for a couple of hundred yards and ended in a small open glade.

The glade was about the size of an ordinary lawn. The ground had been carefully cleared of all vegetation and beaten hard. Stiff dark bushes and high trees surrounded it on three sides, on the fourth rose a wall of rock pierced by many holes. It was a curious, dreary-looking place and smelt sour and stuffy, for the trees and bushes shut out all breeze. And it was deadly still.

Charteris walked into the open space and stared round him. There was nothing to cause alarm or uneasiness, yet to his mind it was vaguely sinister, even menacing. He wondered what it could be used for, and looked round to speak to Quacoo, but found the little boy had not followed him but was standing half hidden among the bushes at the path's end. The shadows were falling and darkness would come quickly in such a place. There was no opportunity to investigate further, so he rejoined the boy and they returned to the village just in time to hear the cracked bell summoning the people to evening prayer.

After dinner Charteris again smoked and dozed outside his hut. Time passed. The lights in the kitchen went out and the village sank to sleep. He and the great moon had the world to themselves.

The unnatural stillness, as before, troubled rather than soothed him, and gradually the small happenings of the day took ominous shape. The crying women, their subsequent disappearance, the

surly demeanour of the King, the hesitation of Mr. Macauley, and finally the mysterious little glade. He felt convinced that the women's complaint was true, and moreover he felt assured that Mr. Macauley also knew that it was genuine. He grew impatient for the coming of the preacher, and was racking his brains as to what course to pursue when he heard muffled footsteps approaching.

He sat up and listened. Someone was coming, moving swiftly yet cautiously, and that someone was in great distress, for he could hear the sound of muffled sobbing. The footsteps came closer and closer and then the form of a man took shape. It was Mr. Macauley.

That there was something very wrong was evident, for the preacher was panting and wringing his hands and great tears were rolling down his cheeks behind his gold glasses. He stood for a moment trembling from head to foot, then he sank upon the ground and grasped the arms of the chair, whispering he had 'a request to make, a request to make.'

Astonished and somewhat startled, Charteris raised him and took him inside the hut. There Mr. Macauley grew more composed, and gradually his self-control returned.

'Well, what is the request?' said Charteris at last.

'This, sir, this. Will you take me with you to the Coast when you go to-morrow?'

'Take you with me to the Coast when I go to-morrow?' repeated Charteris. 'I don't understand. Of course you can come to the Coast if you want to. Who should stop you?'

'No, sir, I do not mean that. I beg you—I implore you—to take me by force—to arrest me'; and in his distress Mr. Macauley held out his hands in supplication.

Charteris stared at him. 'To arrest you! On what charge?'

'There is no charge, sir. But oh, I beg you to arrest me and take me away!' and Mr. Macauley covered his face with his hands and shuddered.

Charteris was perplexed. In that remote bush-hidden African village it did not seem to him strange that he should receive an appeal torn from the innermost heart of a black man whom he had only seen for the first time a few hours before. He was merely solicitous to help the trembling creature.

'One thing I must ask you,' he said; 'is there something going on in this village of which you are afraid to tell me? I asked you this yesterday, and I ask you again.'

Mr. Macauley did not look up, but remained motionless with his face hidden in his hands.

'Well,' went on Charteris, 'if you won't tell me I cannot make you. But neither can I arrest you without a charge. Still, I am willing to help you. You can stay here in my hut to-night and I will take you with me when I leave to-morrow.'

Mr. Macauley rose slowly to his feet. 'I thank you, sir. You have been very kind and forbearing, but I will not put you to any further inconvenience. I will return to my own house now, and if I decide to accompany you I will be here when you start in the morning.'

'Seven o'clock sharp.'

'Yes, sir. Thank you. Good night, sir,' and without another word Mr. Macauley went away.

From the doorway Charteris watched him till he vanished in the shadow. Everything was quiet; only the snoring from Quashie's hut broke the stillness. He looked at his watch; it was past midnight. With his hands deep in his pockets he paced up and down, trying to find a solution to the things that were so troubling him. It did not need the extraordinary visit of the preacher to confirm his suspicions that something was amiss. But what that something was he could not decide. Suddenly he chanced to look up at the great moon, and as though written across her broad face the preacher's words flashed into his mind: 'It be bad for little people to walk about when the moon be big.'

He stood still as the significance of the words came home to him. Then he hurried into the hut, opened a box and took out a small diary. This he consulted, and satisfied with what he saw he put it back again into the box, crept into bed, pulled the mosquito net around him and was soon fast asleep.

Early next morning he was ready to start. The King was not there to say good-bye and there was no sign of Mr. Macauley. Charteris sent an orderly to his house with the message that he could not wait. The man returned with the news that Mr. Macauley had left the village at daybreak.

He travelled steadily till he reached the spot where he had met the weeping women. There he stopped, and ordering the carriers to proceed to the next halting-place he led the rest of the party off the path to a clump of thick bushes where they could lie hidden from the road. Here they camped for the day. When the sun began to decline he called to him Quacoo, Quashie, and the orderly.

'I intend to return to the village,' he told them, 'and you three will come with me. The hammockmen are to stay here till the moon rises and then they are to walk slowly back towards the

village until they meet me.' He handed a shot-gun to Quashie, and after seeing that the orderly's carbine and his own pistol were properly loaded, set off.

West African twilight is short, and as he expected they met no one. Dusk had given place to night when they reached the cotton-wood and crept in to hide among its buttresses. The stillness was profound, every leaf hung heavy. When a twig dropped from a branch above his head, Charteris started violently.

Below them lay the village, silent and mysterious. Presently the lightening of the gloom told them the moon was rising. Whispering to the two servants to remain where they were, and taking the orderly with him, Charteris crept down into the village. The streets were empty and deserted and all doors were shut, while before every window hung a ragged cloth. They crawled to one hut and listened. A woman inside coughed gently. They crept to another, and yet another. All were filled with silent, waiting people. A shining, misty light gradually filled the village and objects around became visible. The moon had risen and Charteris knew he must go, or hide, and that at once.

He was debating which course to take when a sudden dreadful scream pierced the silence. So sudden, so horrible, was it, that the orderly dropped his carbine, and Charteris felt the hair on his head rise.

'Come away,' he gasped, and crawling along in the deepest shadows they rejoined the others.

Quashie was crouching down, but little Quacoo showed more spirit. 'Somet'ing call from close by, sah,' he whispered. 'I t'ink from that place you and me go to.'

'I think so too,' said Charteris. 'Follow me.'

They slipped round the great tree, traversed the path and peered into the glade. It was empty save for a blurred object on the ground, and what appeared to be figures upon the rocks. Charteris thrust himself into the bushes, pulling Quacoo after him. There they crouched and waited.

And now the great moon, swinging high in her orbit, rose above the trees and shone full into the glade, flooding it with a silvery radiance. Charteris saw that the object on the ground was a child tied upright to a stake, whilst the figures on the rocks were men.

Suddenly there arose again the dreadful, howling cry, and from out of the rocks crawled a strange, grotesque creature. The moon-

light fell upon the yellowish skin, black spots, gleaming teeth of a huge misshapen leopard. It advanced stealthily, then stopped and sniffed the air, then lay prone upon its belly and tore at the ground with its forepaws. Then it rolled on its back and beat the air in play. Suddenly it sprang upright and danced down the glade to the far end, then turning, made as if it had seen the child for the first time. Down it dropped, flattened itself, then crept towards the sacrifice. Charteris stared amazed. The figures on the rocks might have been carved from stone.

The gleaming, crawling thing reached its victim, howled again and raised itself on its hind legs. A heavy sigh rose from the watching people, the atmosphere became charged with an awful expectancy. And then Charteris flung off the spell that had held him, and drawing out his pistol dashed from his hiding-place. But before he could fire the crack of the orderly's carbine and the bang-bang of Quashie's shot-gun tore through the stillness. For a minute the glade was full of frightened men, and then it was empty. Empty save for the leopard, the sacrifice, and the little knot of people who represented civilisation.

'Cut the child loose. Quick,' ordered Charteris.

It was a little girl. She seemed to have been drugged, for she sank upon the ground.

'Now for the other.'

The orderly slashed at some thongs and threw back the hide. The moon's rays fell upon the nude body and gold spectacles of the Reverend Daniel Macauley. His eyes were closed and his breath was coming in short gasps. Blood was pouring from a dreadful wound in his side.

'Good God!' cried Charteris. He knelt beside the dying man, and thrust his flask between his lips. Mr. Macauley opened his eyes and tried to speak.

'I—I—wanted to—but you wouldn't take——' His head fell forward and he died.

Old Quashie lifted the dead hands. 'Look, sah,' he whispered. Each hand was enclosed in a gauntlet of leopard skin, and to each gauntlet were attached three cruel steel claws. Quashie dragged them off and threw them upon the ground. 'With these he tear the small child to pieces,' he muttered.

'Pick her up and follow me,' ordered Charteris. 'Quick. The village is roused.'

They ran at full speed, for there were screams and cries behind

them. They gained the hammock and threw the little child into it. Then they hurried on, nor did they stop until the land was bright with day. Then they lay down on the path and slept.

When Charteris arrived at Cape Coast after a hard week's travel he went down with fever. He was still on the sick list when the Inspector of Police arrived and sat down on his bed.

'Oh, yes,' he said in reply to Charteris's eager inquiries. 'I've got them all. There was no resistance, they were not hostile. The King told me all about it. He puts the blame on your friend Macauley, who, he says, was a most interesting man. They appear to have welcomed the preacher with open arms. He told them they must go to church, which they liked, especially the singing. Then on certain nights of full moon they had—well, the other thing. What with the chapel and the leopard performance, his Majesty says they never had a dull moment.'

'I suppose,' said Charteris, 'that Macauley was nothing more or less than a homicidal maniac.'

'Well, hardly that. That might account for one case, but unless you presuppose that there are hundreds of maniacs banded together it would not account for the Leopard Society, of which Macauley was once a prominent member.'

'What is the Leopard Society? Never heard of it.'

'It is a Society that has no right on the Gold Coast. It belongs to Sierra Leone, and is of enormous strength. People whom one would have thought quite beyond suspicion belong to it, and the cult is curious. The Priests disguise themselves as leopards, and it is said that real leopards come out of their lairs and join in the orgies. It is a pity, perhaps, that Quashie and the orderly did not hold their hands, and then you might have seen the whole rite. And I should say you would have been the only white man who had ever done so.'

'Thank you, I saw quite enough,' said Charteris, thoughtfully. 'All the same, I believe Macauley *was* mad. He seemed a good-natured and harmless man in his sane moments. He even appears to have made an effort to escape from the awful possession that he must have felt was coming upon him. If I had known I would have tied him up and brought him away as he asked. Poor devil!'

'Well,' said the Inspector, 'it may be so. Possibly. But I must confess my sympathies are with the children whose skulls I found in a sort of small vestry Macauley had made for himself in the rocks.'

W. H. ADAMS.

*THE FIRST ENGLISH AERONAUT : JAMES SADLER,
OF OXFORD.*

BY J. E. HODGSON.

THE story of the daring seaman who 'first adventured to sail upon the sea,' long since immortalised by Horace, is irrevocably lost as to all details of nationality, time, and place, in the mist of countless ages. That the Egyptians six thousand years ago were skilled in the art of sailing a boat, is reasonably certain, and that the later development of the sailing ship capable of making long distance voyages over-sea, was one of the most pregnant factors in the spread of civilisation, is beyond all question. Whether the art of flying through the air—an idea almost as old as that of sailing on the sea, but in actual though limited accomplishment achieved less than two hundred years ago—will ever attain an importance or universality comparable to the maritime art, is a matter of doubt. But even so the threefold measure of courage credited to the first sailors who ventured to put off from the shore in frail barks, and in so doing defied unknown dangers of winds and waves, must be allowed in at least equal measure to those who first dared at a much later date to travel through that more vast and even less-known element, the ocean of air, carried, wholly at the mercy of the winds, in a frail wicker basket suspended beneath the more bulky but likewise frail structure of a 'hot-air' or gas-filled balloon. Yet the name of the first English aeronaut is but little known in the country of his birth; his tombstone, the sole monument to his memory, is in a state of hopeless decay, and the place of his burial is unheeded within the bounds of that ancient city, which may yet learn to honour him amongst her countless distinguished sons.

James Sadler, frequently referred to in his own day as 'of Oxford,' was born in that city on February 27, 1753. He was of humble parentage, using that phrase in the simple but honourable sense that his family were respected tradesfolk, who had been resident within Oxford for many generations, and who at this period were engaged in business as pastrycooks and confectioners in the High Street. Practically nothing is known of Sadler's early years, and even the foregoing fact was only discovered by the

present writer through a chance reading of some doggerel verses published in a magazine in 1784 :

‘ Behold a windy competition,
Two puff-makers in opposition,
The whole must end in vapour.
By various means their puffs they utter,
This uses water, flour and butter,
And that pens, ink and paper.’

The meaning of these hitherto enigmatic lines was revealed on subsequently referring to an old Oxford directory which gave the trade of the Sadlers. Clearly the punning reference to the two ‘puff-makers’—though the parallel is not exact—is to James Sadler and Vincent Lunardi, when engaged in rival aerostatic projects—to Sadler as the user of ingredients necessary in making the ‘puffs’ he sold, and to Lunardi as puffing his own ballooning exploits by means of vainglorious written accounts. That Sadler himself was employed in the business of his family is quite probable, but there is nothing to account for the early enthusiasm he showed in the invention of the balloon, unless it was due to that interest in chemistry which he certainly evinced at an early date. As is well known the hot-air balloon was invented by the Montgolfier brothers in the summer of 1783, to be improved upon within a few weeks by the idea of inflating balloons with ‘inflammable air’ or hydrogen, as suggested by the French chemist, A. J. C. Charles. In England the first experiments with small balloons—that is to say almost toy balloons, incapable of carrying a pilot—were made in London in November of the same year. To Sadler belongs the credit of having been foremost amongst those enthusiasts of the new and wondrous invention, who made aerostatic experiments in the provinces. Early in 1784 he constructed a ‘Charlière’ or ‘inflammable-air’ balloon, 36 feet in circumference, which was successfully launched at Oxford on February 9 before a vast crowd of spectators, and was picked up three hours later at Wrotham in Kent. In the ecstatic language of one who witnessed this ‘most noble spectacle,’ the experiment thus carried out by ‘the ingenious Mr. James Sadler’ was deemed to be the most ‘wonderful ever exhibited in this kingdom, if not in Europe,’ and was said to have elicited the warmest congratulations from the whole University.

Encouraged by his success Sadler at once commenced to make a much larger balloon, which he completed ‘with great labour and

expense.' He sought to recoup some part of the cost by the obvious method of exhibiting the balloon, and towards the end of March it was advertised as on view in the Town Hall at Oxford, whither the townsfolk came in crowds to gaze with wonderment on this strange machine, swimming (as the advertisement announced, in words which conveyed a shrewd touch of the mysterious) 'in that secret invisible fluid which surrounds the earth.' During May he appears to have launched at least two balloons in public, one of which afforded the novel attraction of the ascent of a dog carried in a basket suspended beneath the envelope. It should be said that in this latter experiment Sadler was following the precedent of the Montgolfiers, who in the preceding year had experimented in a similar way with a strangely mixed living cargo, to wit a sheep, a cock, and a duck. In the French test the animal trio not only unwittingly proved that travelling through the air was harmless, but also that a safe landing could be effected. In the trial made by Sadler the result, from the point of view of the unfortunate dog, was not satisfactory, for though the balloon gaily sailed away, when picked up near Tollesbury in Essex, there was nothing attached to it save, ironically enough, the label on which the finder was requested to return both dog and basket to Sadler at Oxford. But doubtless these experimental aerostatic exhibitions were deliberately carried out with an ulterior object already in view—namely the construction of a machine in which Sadler himself could achieve an aerial voyage. But two essential requisites were necessary to success—first, experience in the construction and knowledge of such hitherto unheard-of machines, and second, funds wherewith to pay for the experiments. It may well be that the expense of making hydrogen gas, not to mention the slowness and uncertainty of the primitive methods then in use, led Sadler to turn his attention to the simpler though less efficient plan of a 'hot-air' or 'Montgolfière' balloon. For during July he invited public subscriptions—to the amount of about £230—towards the construction of a sufficiently large 'Montgolfière' to enable him to ascend in a 'gallery' attached to the balloon, as Pilâtre de Rozier had done for the first time from Paris during November 1783. The balloon was to be 170 feet in circumference, with a small brazier, suspended under the envelope by chains, in order to maintain the heated air which gave the power of ascension. That subscriptions did not come in as freely as Sadler required, is seen from the repeated advertisements which he inserted in Jackson's *Oxford Journal* throughout September,

and this despite the fact that he sought to give a scientific aspect to his project—fitting and proper to the learned site of his endeavours—by announcing his intention to ‘ascend with a gentleman of the University,’ and adding proposals as to experiments to be made at various altitudes on the ‘rareness and density’ of the air.

The reward for that ingenuity and quiet determination which he had shown throughout his earlier experiments, came to Sadler on October 4, 1784. From a site which is not known, but was doubtless some open field just without the city, Sadler proceeded to carry out his daring project—a project fraught with serious danger arising from the fire which it was necessary to carry, but one which was destined to give him some measure of immortality as the first Englishman to pilot an aeronautical machine through the air. Having doubtless made over-night the preparations necessary to ensure efficient methods of lighting and maintaining the fire, and of suspending the flaccid envelope above it, Sadler, probably assisted by his brother and one or two others, began the process of inflation as early as 3 A.M. By the time dawn had spread over the countryside sufficient hot-air had passed into the balloon to give it the required ‘lift.’ The ‘gallery,’ so-called from its circular construction, which acted as a car and was probably of wicker-work suspended from the balloon by ropes, having been adjusted, and the small brazier or grate attached, ‘Mr. Sadler’—to quote from the contemporary account—‘with Firmness and Intrepidity, ascended into the Atmosphere.’ It was a calm morning—the flight could not have been carried out had there been a strong wind—and the balloon rising almost perpendicularly to a height of 3,600 feet, was borne on a gentle breeze towards the north-west. Possibly owing to his having learned that in the first Paris flight of a ‘Montgolfière,’ the balloon was set on fire from the brazier—Pilâtre de Rozier’s cool foresight in taking up a sponge and some water alone prevented a disaster—Sadler fitted his small stove with a contrivance whereby he could increase or decrease the heat. On shutting the stove the balloon slowly descended, but wishing to maintain his flight Sadler attempted to increase the heat, but unfortunately dropped the ‘fork’ used to handle the fuel. The loss was irreparable, but he avoided coming down in a wood (so it is said) by recourse to oars—doubtless fitted in some way to the gallery, as in the futile example set by Blanchard and followed by Lunardi—and landed without difficulty on an eminence between Islip and Wood Eaton. He had been in the air for nearly half-an-hour, during which time the balloon

had travelled about 6 miles, as compared with the 'leap' of about 500 yards made during the previous August by James Tytler at Edinburgh, or 24 miles covered by Lunardi in his 'first aerial voyage in England,' achieved in a hydrogen balloon on September 15.

For one reason and another Sadler's achievement did not receive at the time the credit it deserved, and in nearly all modern books on aeronautics the authors or compilers have tacitly followed one another in ignoring it. The origin of this sceptical attitude can be traced to Tiberius Cavallo, who in his 'History of Aerostation,' 1785, dismissed the account of Sadler's ascent on October 4, as unauthoritative, on the ground that 'after strict enquiry it was found that nobody saw [Sadler] either ascend or descend.' Having regard to the early hour at which the flight was made—it was all over by about 6 o'clock in the morning—Cavallo's denial cannot be allowed to discredit the circumstantial report made in so reputable a newspaper as the *Oxford Journal*. To the present writer, who has frankly 'no passion' (as Johnson might have said) for early rising, the alleged fact that no one saw the balloon is a quite inadequate reason for denying the achievement of so short a flight. Moreover, Sadler was not given to self-advertisement—unlike most of the earlier balloonists, he rarely wrote or printed any narratives of his ascents. Further than that it is altogether improbable he would have allowed a bogus account of his doings to appear without subsequent contradiction in the day's issue of a paper in the same column of which he was again appealing for support. These, with other considerations that have been adduced elsewhere, make it reasonably certain that Sadler's flight on October 4 did actually take place as recorded.

Considered to-day, when airships as well as aeroplanes are capable of rising to a height of anything up to 10,000 or even 20,000 feet, and attain speeds up to 100 miles an hour and over, Sadler's historic flight seems, in any case, a diminutive affair. But to Sadler himself this pioneer experiment in aerial navigation must have been an astonishing adventure. The idea or dream of aerial flight was indeed infinitely older than the ancient City which, as he rose into the air, lay silently beneath his feet—does it not in this country go back to the legendary days of King Bladud, killed in attempting to fly with wings, or the aerostatic myth (so to speak) of the 'cloud-ship' with its eerie crew, as handed down by Gervase of Tilbury in the *Otia Imperialia*? Yet on this quiet but memorable morning in October 1784, for the first time in the experience of an Englishman,

that dream had, with all its unimaginable possibilities, become an accomplished fact. In the simple and artless words of the reporter to Jackson's *Oxford Journal*—words which sound tame indeed when contrasted with the florid sensationalism common in 'news' journalism to-day—Sadler had 'with Pleasure and Admiration beheld the Surface of the Earth like a large and extensive Plain, and felt himself perfectly agreeable, having experienced no remarkable change in the Air, except a slight Degree of Cold which was easily supportable.' Well may some such prophetic allusion to flight as that made by the mechanic in 'Rasselas'—'how easily shall we then . . . pass over to distant regions and examine the face of Nature, from one extremity of the earth to the other'—have seemed to the 'first English aerostatist' within measurable distance of fulfilment.

It is evident that Sadler by this time had acquired considerable knowledge of the making of both 'Montgolfière' and 'Charlière' balloons, in the construction of which he was (to use words applied by Cavallo to Sadler's second ascent) the 'sole projector, architect, workman, and chymist.' Within a fortnight of his historic first flight he announced he would shortly make a public ascent from the Physic Garden, within the grounds of which he had been allowed during May to exhibit small hydrogen balloons. Doubtless his experience of the danger and limitations of 'fire-balloons' led him to adopt the hydrogen method for his second ascent, which took place on November 4. Apparatus for 'exciting' the hydrogen, placed in the centre of the Physic (now Botanic) Garden, was provided on an ample scale and enabled the inflation to be completed within two hours. The adjacent streets, fields, trees, and buildings were already swarming with animated spectators of all ranks, who thronged to the spot to gaze on this new 'flying coach,' the first invention of which only a year earlier had stirred the whole of Europe. Even Johnson, who was then making his last stay in Oxford, must have regretted that the infirmities of age debarred him from witnessing this 'wonderful and unexpected addition to knowledge,' though he thoughtfully sent his faithful Francis 'to see the balloon fly.' Shortly before one o'clock Sadler stepped into the boat-shaped car, and amidst the acclamations of the assembled thousands the balloon rose rapidly into the air—so fast that within three minutes it was lost to sight in the clouds. Owing to an aperture in the envelope Sadler was prevented from making as long a flight as he intended, and within 20 minutes he was obliged to come

down at Hartwell, near Aylesbury, a distance of about fourteen miles. In landing he experienced for the first, but by no means for the last time, the imminent dangers of doing so in a high wind—the car was first entangled in a tree, then dragged a considerable distance, rebounding on the ground as the balloon was swept along, and finally came to rest when the anchor made fast in a hedge. The balloon itself was badly damaged, but Sadler—in this respect enjoying at the outset the good luck he was destined to experience on subsequent occasions—escaped without serious hurt. Later in the afternoon he drove back to Oxford, where his numerous admirers took out the horses and dragged the carriage—‘nach Englischer Weise,’ as the Germans said when they honoured the French balloonist Blanchard in the same way at Nuremberg—through the illuminated streets.

Caught up in the full stream of ballooning enthusiasm, Sadler now set about preparing for more ambitious exploits. The English Channel—as strong in its power of attraction for both the early balloonists and aviators, as it proves, even without the excuse of novelty, to swimmers of to-day—soon engrossed his attention, and he made preparations for attempting a first crossing by air from Dover to Calais. During December he consigned his balloon and the necessary apparatus to Dover, for carriage by water. Unfortunately the boat was held up in the Thames by severe weather, and on arrival at its destination Sadler found the folds of the silk envelope had stuck together owing to the varnish or rubber solution with which it had been coated, and the balloon was useless. He at once returned to London, but the day before he started again for Dover, Sadler learned—as in the case of Latham and Blériot in the first aeroplane crossing—that he had been forestalled, and that Blanchard had successfully accomplished the feat on January 7, 1785. However, in words a little too magniloquent perhaps for the occasion, he is said to have acted like a ‘true philosophical genius,’ and turned to other fields. On May 5 he made a notable ascent from Moulsey Hurst, taking as a passenger William Windham, the statesman, who had become acquainted with Sadler at Oxford and who had already shown a keen interest in ballooning. Incidentally it may be mentioned, as a notable instance of the common lack of knowledge about Sadler’s career, that while the ‘Dictionary of National Biography’ refers to the ascent from Moulsey as the first, the editor of ‘The Windham Papers’ (published in 1913) wanders still further from the truth by describing it as Sadler’s last flight.

For the purposes of this venture Sadler took up several scientific instruments, as well as 300 lbs. of ballast. Despite the latter he experienced great danger arising from a defective valve which prevented the release of gas at high altitudes—Horace Walpole, who watched the ascent from Strawberry Hill, described the balloon as looking ‘not bigger than my snuff-box’—and also from the velocity with which the balloon subsequently fell, when, as the only expedient, he had perforce cut rents in the envelope. In the alternating repetition of these dangers it may well have seemed that Windham’s precaution in making a will prior to the flight was to be unhappily justified, but as a matter of fact a safe landing was effected near the confluence of the Thames and the Medway, not far from the water’s edge. It is true Windham recorded in his diary, after this event, that he felt no impression of danger, and only regretted he had not deferred his flight until the prevailing wind was ‘favourable for crossing the Channel.’ On the other hand he never renewed the experience.

Sadler continued his aeronautical career by making two ascents from Manchester, in the second of which (on May 19, 1785) he rose to the considerable height of 13,000 feet. On landing at Pontefract he was dragged over the ground for two miles hanging on to the car, by which time he was so badly hurt that he had to let the balloon escape. In the following June he attempted a repetition of his former success at Oxford, this time from the grounds at the back of Corpus Christi College, and in the presence of Dr. Samuel Horsley and other Fellows of the Royal Society. But owing apparently to a rent in the envelope the balloon had insufficient lift to carry more than one, whereupon Sadler allowed Colonel Richard Fitzpatrick to ascend alone—probably the earliest instance in England of an amateur balloonist undertaking a solo flight with no more than a few verbal instructions received the moment before ascending. Writing subsequently to his friend Windham, Fitzpatrick, who piloted the balloon with considerable skill, complained of the oppression which Sadler (of whose ability he spoke in high praise) had suffered, ‘to the disgrace of the University.’ Presumably the ‘oppression,’ such as it was, arose out of some dissatisfaction connected with this ascent, and it appears to have discouraged Sadler in his aeronautical endeavours. On the other hand it is quite likely that the expenses he must have incurred in the construction of his balloons—expenses which could not have been adequately recouped by the small charges made for admission—were the deciding factor. It is at least clear

that after a few further ascents at Worcester, Stroud, and elsewhere, during the autumn of 1785, he gave up ballooning entirely for the next twenty-five years, and turned his whole attention to other concerns.

Of his career during that period little or nothing has hitherto been known, and the sources of information remain meagre. It is, however, evident from various pamphlets and printed documents which were issued by or on behalf of Sadler, between 1785 and 1810, that he found many fields for his varied abilities as chemist, engineer and inventor. During his residence at Oxford he acted as assistant to the Professor of Chemistry—that may have been in quite early days, since he is known to have lectured in Oxford on ‘philosophic fire-works’ in 1789. From 1785 onwards he was seriously occupied with artillery experiments at Woolwich and elsewhere, and in 1798 he published a description of new and improved types of naval and field guns. The naval type was approved ‘after the minutest inspection’ by Nelson, as well as by Sir Sidney Smith, and some of his guns were actually mounted, after satisfactory trials, on two or three ships in the navy. Somewhat earlier he was at work on an improved steam-engine, for which he took out a patent in 1791, and it is on record that Sadler’s ‘reciprocating engine had the great honour of being the first engine introduced into a national naval establishment.’ Next he appears about 1796 to have moved with his family to London, where he started a mineral-water manufactory near Golden Square. His multifarious career had been previously extended by an appointment as Barrack-master at Portsmouth, a post which he subsequently gave up on being invited by the Inspector-General at the Admiralty (to whom he had been introduced by Windham, at this time a Cabinet Minister) to accept a berth, primarily as chemist, on the Board of Naval Works. The terms of his warrant covered a wide range—on the strength of it Sadler used to describe himself on posters advertising his later balloon ascents, as ‘late Member of the Board of Naval Works, and Inspector of Chemistry to the Admiralty.’ Unfortunately before he had been enabled to settle down in this somewhat novel berth, exigencies of economy led to the suppression of his office by a Commission on Naval Revision, and in 1809, having spent all his money and his time in wholly unremunerative experiments on such matters as the distillation of sea-water, brewing on ship-board, seasoning ship’s timber, plans for annoying enemy ships in Boulogne, construction of signal lights and furnaces for heating shot, not to mention further work on improvements in the mounting and rifling of ordnance, and

new methods of blasting rock, Sadler found himself suddenly deprived of his post, without any other means of support, and denied all claims for compensation.

Sadler's position at this time—he was now 57—was evidently very precarious. He was only saved by that reputation for ability and integrity which he enjoyed amongst many with whom he had come into contact. At the instigation of Sir John Coxe Hippisley, and with the support of other influential men (including Davies Gilbert—formerly Giddy—who assisted Trevithick in his improvements to the steam-engine), he was helped in a financial way, though all efforts to induce the Admiralty to alter their decision proved unavailing. It was at this difficult juncture in his affairs that Sadler took up again his career as a professional balloon pilot. In doing so he returned naturally enough to his native city—of which, probably at a later period, he was made a Freeman—and arranged to ascend from Merton Fields on July 7, being the occasion of festivities in connection with the installation of Lord Grenville as Chancellor of the University. The new balloon was described as the most magnificent hitherto seen in England, the brilliant effect being produced by gores of different coloured silk, with a band at the circumference suitably lettered for the event, Sadler being accompanied in the gorgeously decorated car by his eldest son, John. The latter, in recalling the experience some years later, related a pathetic circumstance concerning his younger brother, William Windham Sadler, then aged 14, who walked the fifty-four miles from London with only a few coppers in his pocket, in order to see his father ascend, but not arriving in Oxford until several hours after the affair was all over, had perforce to walk home again. The ascent thus carried out under very favourable auspices was deemed Sadler's most notable achievement up to that time, and a safe landing was effected (after two and a half hours in the air) near Newport Pagnell. In the following September Sadler had a more exciting experience in a flight from Bristol, when the balloon was driven across the Bristol Channel. It was during this voyage that in order to lighten the balloon as far as possible, he threw overboard a barometer which is said to have been given him by Johnson, and for which he had been offered 200 guineas. As it happened the fact that he jettisoned so interesting and valuable an instrument made no difference, for the balloon eventually came down on the water—which was fortunately calm—and Sadler and his companion were rescued by a boat from Lynmouth.

During the next few years Sadler achieved many successful flights and made for himself a name in the annals of ballooning—though not, it is to be feared, a commensurate fortune. In July 1811 he ascended from the Great Court of Trinity College, Cambridge, when not only was he obliged, on account of the high wind, to refuse a hundred guineas from a would-be passenger, but was badly hurt on landing in a squall near Stanstead in Essex. In August of the same year he made two flights from the Mermaid Tavern, Hackney, while in October he made a record one from Birmingham, being carried a distance of 112 miles in the short space of eighty minutes. This feat was regarded as so remarkable—the speed was noted as far exceeding that of the famous racehorse ‘Flying Childers’—that a bronze medal was struck to commemorate the event, the reverse bearing a profile portrait of Sadler, with the words ‘First English Aeronaut.’ Having regard to the strength of the wind—Sadler’s pluck in his earlier ascents had justly earned for him the title of ‘intrepid’ bestowed by Erasmus Darwin—it is not surprising that on attempting to land Sadler was thrown from the car, his companion being carried on for another mile until the balloon became hopelessly but securely entangled in a tree. Fortunately neither of the aeronauts was hurt, and each having imagined that the other must have been killed, their delight was the greater on meeting an hour or so later in the village of Heckington, not far from Spalding. Even more ambitious and adventurous was the attempt which Sadler made in October 1812, when he ascended from Dublin—Maria Edgeworth has left a lively account of the spectacle—with the idea of crossing the Irish Sea to Liverpool. The ascent was made from Belvedere House, Drumcondra, and a few minutes later Sadler found himself in difficulties, again owing to a defect in the envelope at a point out of reach. With great pluck and resource—it must be remembered he was now in his sixtieth year, and was generally spoken of as the ‘veteran aeronaut’—he tied pieces of cord across the ropes by which the car was suspended, thus forming a precarious ladder, by climbing on which he was able to repair the rent. Favoured by a south-westerly wind he was carried across the Channel and could have come down on the Isle of Anglesea had he not resolved to land if possible near Liverpool. Determination in this case nearly cost him his life, for the wind veered to the north and he was again carried out to sea. Eventually, after having travelled over 237 miles, mostly over water, the balloon came down in the sea just as it was getting dark. Dragged along through the water for

nearly half-an-hour hanging on with great difficulty to the hoop, as the car sank lower and lower, he was rescued by a herring-boat when in an utterly exhausted condition, and carried into Liverpool. In this connection it should be added that Sadler's son, Windham, more successful than his father, achieved the crossing of the Irish Sea from Dublin to near Holyhead lighthouse on July 22, 1817.

From 1813 onwards Sadler was helped and frequently accompanied by his son Windham, who was brought up as an engineer, and who in the early days of gas-lighting entered the service of the Liverpool Gas Company. In May 1814 father and son made a daring ascent from Burlington House in Piccadilly. The venture excited great interest and attracted an immense mob of people, who broke into the courtyard, from which, however (the affair being 'intended as a spectacle, not a massacre'), no attempt by the police to remove them was allowed. A few weeks later the son made a second ascent from the same spot regardless of the high wind—a feat the obvious danger of which, owing to the nearness of the surrounding buildings, was so great, that Windham, despite a previous arrangement, declined to allow Miss Thompson, an actress, to accompany him. As undaunted by the danger as she appeared charming in the eyes of the assemblage of fashionable spectators (though a 'lilac silk pelisse, with straw hat and feather,' sounds hardly fitting for such an adventure), the young actress showed most determined courage. 'Can you go up?' she boldly asked Windham, and on being answered in the affirmative, she promptly settled the argument with the retort, 'What man dare, I dare!'—which surely no chivalrous pilot could have been expected to gainsay. The landing, after a flight of about 45 miles at something like 60 miles an hour, was not effected until the car had been dragged across several fields, a predicament in which Windham Sadler admitted that his passenger showed exemplary fortitude. It was, however, a strange decree of fate which ordained that Windham and his fair companion having escaped without injury from the violence of the wind, should both be badly hurt by being overturned into a ditch while driving back to London in the dark.

The later ballooning experiences of James Sadler and his sons, John and William Windham, are not easy to disentangle, owing to the common use of the simple appellation 'Mr. Sadler,' varied only by an occasional 'Mr. Sadler, Junr.' The confusion which has thus arisen has led to many erroneous statements, the most common being that in which Windham's final and fatal exploit is used to terminate the life of the father, who, as a matter of fact, outlived his son and

died peacefully in his bed. Windham Sadler's end, which came about during his thirty-first ascent made from Bolton on September 29, 1824, was certainly a terrible one. On this occasion, under conditions most unfavourable owing to wind, rain, and dense clouds, the balloon was inflated with coal gas—a method first adopted by Charles Green in 1821. After a short flight Windham decided to land near Blackburn, but the grappling iron broke and the severe shock which ensued threw him out of the car. Unfortunately his legs became entangled in the rope and he was suspended head downwards as the car dashed swiftly against the chimney of a neighbouring house. A few moments later he fell to the ground, when the balloon thus lightened was carried another three miles before Windham's servant, Donally, was enabled to make a hazardous landing. The severe injuries Sadler received made all chance of recovery hopeless, and he died early the following morning—the second Englishman to lose his life in the cause of aeronautics. His body was subsequently removed to Liverpool, where the Sadler family was well known and he himself greatly esteemed, and he was buried in Christ Church. His son, J. M. Sadler, who in early life took an active part in the construction of railways and who saw the first train run from Edgehill to Manchester, was for many years engineer to the Liverpool Corporation, and died in 1912 at the great age of 91.

In the last years of his life it is probable that James Sadler suffered that comparative neglect and poverty which has been the fate of many distinguished pioneers—witness the death of that greatest of mechanical inventors, Richard Trevithick, who died in debt, and whose final resting-place in Dartford churchyard is not even known. At the time of Windham's death it was said that the elder Sadler had 'by a recent act of benevolence of his present Majesty, been enrolled amongst the brethren of the Charterhouse.' But there does not appear to be any record of this royal act of charity having been carried into effect, and in any case it is certain that Sadler died in Oxford on March 27, 1828. His burial in the churchyard of St. Peter-in-the-East on March 30, is recorded in the Parish Registers, where his place of abode is given as in George Lane. The tombstone which marks the grave is now much defaced by time, and it will appeal to some as right and fitting that in view of the approaching centenary of Sadler's death, the Council of the Royal Aeronautical Society have undertaken to restore the stone. Further, a mural tablet is to be placed in the church—'Though late, we will deem it not late'—as a tribute to the stout-hearted, typical Englishman

who 'first adventured to sail through the air.' If it be said, as it is said sometimes in a depreciatory sense, that Sadler 'only went up in a balloon,' it must be remembered that the balloon was then the only known aeronautical machine in which an aerial journey was possible, and that such a venture was far more hazardous in those days than in these. After all, the fame of the first sailor eulogised by Horace is not to be discredited because he put out to sea in so primitive a craft as a scooped-out tree-trunk—doubtless he would have preferred a fully-developed, three-masted ship had it been available. Moreover, may it not be claimed that the free balloon, though (regrettably perhaps) an obsolescent machine, is—to recall Benjamin Franklin's well-known retort to one who questioned the utility of balloons—the baby which has developed after a century-long adolescence into the great multi-cell rigid airship of to-day. This much at least must be allowed—that to James Sadler belongs the honour of having set his countrymen, for all time, the initial example of air travel—a method of transportation the full significance of which few have the imagination to conjure up, and the immense importance of which, in terms of the British Empire, no man can as yet fully comprehend.

AT NIGHT.

HE had stolen forth, the little day-born Pan,
To know the wonder of the dreaming night :—
I followed. Through the glade, crushing the grass,
Into the pale moonlight, lakeward he went
Not leaping, as he runs in the gay noon,
But like a soul questing some unknown shore.

I knew the water where in shadow lies
A little skiff. But Pan,
His slender body gleaming in the light,
Dived like an arrow and his deft hands cleft
In a triumphant stroke the sleeping tide.

I could not follow. Pan had fled from me.
The moonlight slept ; without a ripple lay
The mighty bosom of the quiet lake.

We, the earth-born, to our small tents are tied.

OLIVE CLARE PRIMROSE.

A DUTCH PERLUSTRATION WITH NAPOLEON.

BY ROWLAND GREY.

WHEN Victor Hugo wrote his perfect poem 'Lui,' he drew an arresting parallel between the dominance of Mount Vesuvius in the Italian landscape and of Napoleon in history. 'Histoire, poésie, il joint du pied vos cimes!' he cries out in that enduring passion of adoration the Man of Destiny alone seems able to excite, and he ends a superb peroration with the sonorous line, 'Toujours le noir géant qui fume à l'horizon.'

In truth, curiosity as to what we vaguely if expressively define as the Napoleon legend is insatiable, and has the bizarre quality of affecting friend and foe alike. Literature is still profoundly impregnated with the great spirit of the little corporal. At the pass-word Napoleon the 'ivory gate and golden' of romance springs open. Byron was not more fascinated by the subject yesterday than Thomas Hardy to-day when in 'The Dynasts' he shows us in masterly wise the Fates using Napoleon to make a new map of Europe.

If Thackeray contented himself with a reflection of the effect of Napoleon in the immortal Waterloo chapters in 'Vanity Fair,' and was too supreme an artist to risk bathos by introducing him personally, novelists of lesser renown have been bolder, and in the case of Lever in 'Tom Burke of Ours' not wholly unsuccessful. There is even a certain 'Napoleon of Notting Hill.'

Oceans, not rivers, of ink have been spilt in efforts to elucidate probably the most complex character ever known. The very word Waterloo still thrills the heart like a trumpet, and when Napoleon's captured travelling carriage perished in the flames of the dear departed Madame Tussaud's, some of us mourned as for a national calamity.

Members of one otherwise unassuming family in Devonshire become intolerable braggarts when they relate how in the rainy June of 1815, which indeed 'set all things in tune,' politically, something happened that was a far away result of the fall of Napoleon and was linked with themselves. For the father of the faithful nurse, who only left them at her death after the best

part of a century, was a blacksmith at Honiton—the cruel little Honiton that set its babies to the bobbins to make lovely lace and fade away from consumption. Nurse told to her dying day how she could remember a coach all beflagged and belaulled dashing up to the smithy because one of the panting horses had cast a shoe. If father Holman sleeps without a monument in the beautiful God's acre of St. Michael's church, two generations testified to his lightning use of the anvil to hurry the news of victory to Exeter.

He created a vision splendid for one pilgrim to Honiton, sharing the enthusiasm for Napoleon of Lady Holland, who sent handkerchiefs to St. Helena embroidered with her own hair, and audacious Miss Crawley, aunt to Becky Sharp who would fain have been his Pompadour.

And to this obscure pilgrim perustrating in the charming, hospitable Hague, it was given to discover at least one person there equally fervent in hero-worship, for a Judge of the High Court of Queen Wilhelmina, with its soberly elegant antique furnishing and its unexpected full-length mirrors, can boast a unique collection of tangible tokens of a life-long devotion to Napoleon instead of mere gossamer fancies. Things to be handled, and not just a dream of a sleepy old street awakened by the wild cheering of the joyous crowd around the smithy, where with the triumphant bugle blaring of battle—ghosts of 'bowerly' maids peer out of the ancient windows. The pretty rose-and-lily suggesting adjective suits them no more. The sparkling eyes sparkle no longer.

To arrive at a handsome house near the breezy, grey-green dunes at Scheveningen and to find Napoleon ubiquitous within it was like a pleasant miracle. It was worth the pang jealous patriots feel when Lord Rosebery awards the Dutch so splendid a share in the victory no amount of insular prejudice can claim for England alone. It was small wonder 'The Last Phase' had a place of honour, or that the owner of all these treasures remarked with a smile, 'This is the best book of all,' as he pointed to the page wherein is written that Napoleon 'goes so far as to declare the whole glory of the victory of Waterloo belongs to the Prince of Orange. Without him the British army would have been annihilated, and Blücher hurled back beyond the Rhine.' There are relics in this collection to give the odd little thrill personal relics always do give, such as a well-authenticated scrap of cloth from one of Napoleon's old coats.

There are also many pre-Napoleon pamphlets and caricatures

which might at first sight appear irrelevant. These, it is plain, are wisely set there to show cause why Napoleon came, saw and conquered with such celerity, in a France sickened at last of sanguinary tyranny. There is the curious 'Almanach de la Révolution' of 1792, when in June it was decided that the death penalty be reduced to execution without torture! And there is to be found a daily diary of such significant events as this: 'Les dames de la Halle offrent à leur patrie, l'argent et les ornemens qui leur servaient à célébrer la fête de Saint Louis.' Or at this time of futile effort to live without God, 'L'argenterie des églises inutile au culte de la raison,' is reported to have been conveyed with rejoicings to be melted down.

With an original card of admission to the Revolutionary Tribunal signed by Robespierre, lies a copy of the scarce 'Thermidor,' of which every page might have been used as an arrow to speed the bitter words of Carlyle. Its frontispiece is a coloured portrait and it begins with servile homage to the 'little sea-green incorruptible':

'Du superbe oppresseur ennemi redoutable,
Incorruptible du peuple qu'on l'accable,
Il fait briller au sein des viles factions
Les vertus d'Aristide et l'âme du Caton.'

A quick change to the picture of the bleeding head of the Autocrat with the mocking epitaph:

'J'ai joué les Français et la divinité,
Je meurs sur l'échafaud et je l'ai mérité.'

Another comment is:

'La vengeance publique insulte son trépas
Et mourant dans la fange on ne le plaindra pas.'

The more familiar

'Passant ne pleure point son sort
Car s'il vivait, tu seras mort,'

appears to be absent, but there is a grisly picture as finale representing Robespierre guillotining the executioner as everybody else is dead!

To turn nauseated from 'Thermidor' to an enormous volume of the 'Keepsake' order with steel engravings suggesting those up to which Mr. Pendennis was invited to sing, is to find its title to be

'Napoléon et ses contemporains, représentant les traits d'héroïsme, de clémence, de générosité, de popularité !' What a change comes over the spirit of the scene. There is the first lonely grave surrounded by the wild waves of St. Helena, 'La cage où l'exposit les rois,' and upon it lies the marshal's hat and bâton. If half the anecdote be truth, France might well be thankful to exchange Robespierre for Napoleon. Here is a story of his finding a weeping child beside a corpse on an Egyptian battlefield and loading it with benefactions. Here are ladies galore, always lovely and never forgetful of the very latest fashions however despairing, preferring petitions to an obviously compliant Emperor. Here are demure nuns receiving obviously emotional thanks for services to the wounded. We see him uttering the redoubtable 'Soldats, quarante siècles vous regardent !' his urbanity only equalled by the elegance of his boots and gloves. In a furred Russian overcoat reminiscent of one worn by Sir Herbert Tree in the Siberia of Tolstoy's 'Resurrection,' he says, 'Tous ceux que je commande sont mes enfants.'

Did any other human being ever inspire a tithe of the caricatures French, English and German, filling big portfolios arranged in careful chronological order ? It is mortifying to discover that the vast quantity made in Germany are less brutal and less broad of comment than our own. Alas ! for coarseness and savagery, we, the conquerors, have an ignoble supremacy. Picked up for a song upon a bookstall at the Hague itself is the original of a macabre 'likeness' of Napoleon reproduced in that remarkably interesting German book 'Die Karicatur der europäischen Völker' issued in Berlin in 1904. The Prussian eagle forms the hat with its claws fastened too tightly to the head ever to be removed. The face is grimly fashioned of corpses to typify the hundreds and thousands of the fallen. The cravat is 'a river made of the streaming blood which must flow perpetually for his glory.' The coat is a map 'the pattern on it his broken agreement with the Rhineland.' The order upon it is shaped like a spider's web with the hand of God weaving a thread into it to help Germany. Another very clever German caricature gives a back and front view of Napoleon. In front he wears his customary uniform. The back shows him transformed into his Satanic Majesty, the three-corned hat ingeniously converted into horns, the sword into a tail. Another shows a devil bearing Napoleon in his arms with the blasphemous inscription, 'This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased.'

The English caricaturist invariably makes the 'little Boney' of Mr. Hardy's inimitably ironical ballad, as ugly as possible—so ugly as very seldom to bear any of the real resemblance to the original which the Germans more artistically maintain. The Duke of Wellington as figured by his admiring compatriots in the zenith of his glory, is scarcely caricatured at all. This might be anticipated—the unexpected is a German caricature of a theatre where all the European Kings are playing various instruments for Napoleon to dance like Queen Elizabeth 'high and disposedly' in the midst of the stage. He is not alone, as a rider is seen entering from behind him. That rider has the familiar handsome features of the Duke when young, with this astonishing prophecy.

'Hintern kommt Lord Wellington
Vom Fuss der Pyrenäen,
Den letzten Schutz jagt er davon,
Bald wird man Wunder sehen!'

And the world had not much longer to wait for what seemed the miracle of Waterloo. To turn over a large portfolio is to find Wellington treated with singular restraint of pencil by Blücher's compatriots. Of course, he was an ally, yet no such mercy was meted out to stout Louis Philippe of the too ample white waistcoat.

There are enough books about Napoleon in all possible languages in the snug library to offer a welcome excuse to linger in its arm-chairs in his irresistible company. Solid history apart, the inexhaustible theme has supplied hundreds—one of those in the French section is written to 'prove' the entire legend a myth. 'Comme quoi Napoléon n'a jamais existé!' Apollo the Sun-god is alleged to be the source of the myth. Napoleon's four brothers are the four Seasons, his sisters the three Graces. His two wives are the Sun and the Moon. Napoleon is explained away with such nimble wit, the reader nearly disbelieves in him as he turns to the final page. It is a brilliant trifle and is still popular.

The little book, obviously taken from Whewell's famous skit on the same subject, written in 1819, appeared anonymously in 1827, but in the numerous later editions is signed by its author, J. B. Pérès, a well-known Professor of Mathematics. It was written as a playful parody upon the mischievous work of the Agnostic, Dupuis, with his theory that such 'myths' as christianity could be disproved by astronomy. Its success was instantaneous.

A great rarity, considering that the British Museum itself boasts

it not, is the Code Napoléon put into verse, and really not such bad verse considering the difficulty of the task. The title-page announces it was written 'Par D. ex-législateur. Les formalités exigées par la loi ont été remplies aux archives du droit Français.' Some vanished bookworm has written in the full name of the author after the initial letter—*De Combérusse*—the scribbled word gives a pleasing sense of intimacy with one whose achievement shatters the optimistic theory that genius is eternal patience. The rhymed code was exuberantly dedicated to the Empress Marie Louise, and *mirabile dictu*, the gallant de Combérusse, was actually ready to welcome the daughters of France to the jealously guarded bar. It was long before the boldest dared accept that invitation, long before Colette Yver issued that cautionary tale 'Les Dames du Palais' where all the lady barristers made life intolerable, sometimes to themselves and always to their husbands.

The foreword, appropriately full of imperially purple patches, does homage first to the illustrious creator of the Code, and then to his great work.

'Cet ouvrage immortel, qu'au milieu de ses sages
A daigné consacrer par ses nobles suffrages
Celui qui peut mouvoir à son gré l'univers.'

Then we arrive at the modest ambition of the bard :

'Répandre quelques fleurs sur une étude aride,
En étendre le cours, le rendre plus rapide,
Graver dans la mémoire avec plus de succès
Les principes fixés du droit civil Français.
Et jusqu'au beau sexe, ouvrir une carrière
Qui, pour lui, ne doit plus demeurer étrangère.
Eût-il avec bonheur accompli ce projet,
On pardonnera peu le choix de son sujet.
Mais fuyez détracteurs, vous cessez d'être à craindre,
Si ce livre à Louise, une fois peut atteindre,
Si, ces yeux indulgents s'abaissant jusqu'à lui,
Il peut recevoir d'elle un éclatant appui.
Louise, Reine illustre, auguste Impératrice !
Au Code, ton époux, le grand Napoléon,
A la fois imprima son génie et son nom ;
Il dicta ses lois d'une sagesse profonde
Qui doivent gouverner tous les peuples du monde,
Surpassant les héros à titre de vainqueur,
Les surpassant encore comme législateur ;

Daigne t'associer à tes hautes pensées,
 Qu'une muse fidèle en vers a retracées,
 Plus on connaît ces lois, plus sa gloire s'étend ;
 Elle est aussi la tienne, et sur toi se repand
 A côté de son nom que tout immortalise,
 Souffre qu'on donne place à celui de Louise.
 A cet heureux signal, le beau sexe empressé,
 Du temple de la loi trop longtemps repoussé,
 Va, pour le visiter sous sa forme nouvelle
 Se présenter en foule et disputer de zèle ;
 Ses droits y sont écrits, ses devoirs rappelés
 Tour à tour à ses yeux ils seront dévoilés,
 Les femmes à l'envi, mère, filles, épouses,
 De les connaître enfin se montreront jalouses,
 Et la raison, guidant les esprits et les cœurs,
 Étendra son empire avec celui des mœurs,
 Des mœurs ! source de l'ordre et des vertus civils
 Qui rendent les états fleurissants et tranquilles.'

It is not easy to picture the frivolous Marie Louise sitting down to this formidable tome. Those curious as to how the author fares after pages of this sort of thing, may like to have a few lines of his version of the 'Code' itself regarding paternal rights as a specimen.

'L'enfant ne peut quitter l'asile paternel,
 Sans être autorisé par un aveu formel,
 A moins qu'il ne s'enrôle en soldat volontaire
 Quand dix-huit ans complets ont marqués sa carrière.'

The privileges of the widow are meticulously detailed elsewhere.

'Lorsque du mari qu'arrive le décès,
 La femme de sa dot reçoit les intérêts
 Pendant que l'an du deuil poursuit sa carrière
 Ou bien se fait fournir lorsqu'elle le préfère
 Des aliments aux frais du mari décédé
 D'une habitation elle sera pourvue
 De ses habits du deuil elle sera vêtue
 Pendant l'année aux frais de la succession
 Et, sur ses intérêts, sans imputation.'

This much suffices to prove that only in a certain notorious 'Trial by Jury' can rhyme deprive law of aridity. To be condemned to wade through some hundreds of these exasperatingly smooth strophes would be a punishment to fit any legal crime. The author

considered that Marie-Louise would require what he called the 'simplification' of the Code before she could comprehend it. His jam is much worse than the powder.

In 'Trois Mois de Napoléon,' a scarce and very acrimonious royalist chronicle of the events after the return from Elba, we find it indignantly stated that Napoleon altered the French flag upon his own authority a few days after his coronation. The grandiose eagles, the most costly embroideries, were to replace the simple *tricouleur*. One more fact to witness that possibly no man ever lived who better-knew the value of the magic of magnificence.

It was melancholy to leave his ghost behind, and to exchange that charming library for the slippery deck of a rocking steamer, lashed with the cold rain of an equinoctial gale. Before departure one morsel of English flotsam was left behind as a tiny token of gratitude, and ensconced in a bookshelf beside other pygmies. Bound in faded pink cloth with tarnished gold, was this miniature first edition of Bourrienne's 'Life.' Half a century ago a hero-loving school-boy slept with that book under his pillow. It is strange but true that he dreamed of Waterloo before each crisis of his life and just before his death, and that in that dream he was struck at the heart in sight of victory in a great cavalry charge.

It was something to find and fill even an unimportant place in such a wonderful collection. Moreover the gift was of its kind perfect, as it has a strong claim to be considered the worst translation ever made, although to say that is to say much.

To quote a trio of moderns is to feel that Napoleon will survive even the scorn of Mr. H. G. Wells for the 'dark little archaic personage, hard, compact, capable, unscrupulous and neatly vulgar.' Herr Emil Ludwig is nearer the truth when he says 'What a man can attain through self-confidence and courage, through passion and imagination, through industry and will, he obtained.'

Lord Rosebery has it that Napoleon 'came from Corsica a little Pagan viewing the world as his oyster.' Even a few weeks in his all-conquering company brings the conviction that he knew how to open it and used a sharp knife.

'History will soon forget me, for I was overthrown.' It is a bitter irony that it was Napoleon himself who spoke those most mistaken words with anguish.

MRS. SMITH.

BY F. H. DORSET.

THE small side-gate of the cemetery clanged to with metallic finality, symbol of death's domination, and Rosamund Smith stood waiting abstractedly for the Ealing 'bus amid a sudden evening swirl of summer dust.

The hour was six-thirty, the month June, and over Mrs. Smith's dutiful 'blacks' dropping mayblossom shed white discarded petals. They fell lightly on to the brim of her wide hat, innocent of crepe, but yet so patently widow's gear, were caught by the fur which a deceptive chill earlier in the afternoon had trapped her into wearing for her later discomfort, and fluttered rebelliously about plump ankles clad tightly in black silk. Beneath the delicate shower of broken bridal-glory she stood gazing down the road with sightless intensity, struggling to realise that after twenty-five years of a marriage begun, defiant of superstition, in May, she was at last free, possessor of her own soul, and ready to weep thereat illogically.

A month ago David Smith's exacting body had been laid to rest in the midst of that sea of grass and monuments behind her; four days earlier his yet more exacting spirit had ceased to hold her in thrall. After long and strange endurance Mrs. Smith faced a world suddenly emptied of purpose, and knew that she felt extraordinarily desolate. Many a time during the past had she swerved guiltily from hope of just such a moment as this, wondering whether middle age or old would release her from the strain of holding together her domestic life with a cheerful countenance. Then pneumonia had suddenly reft away her task from her, leaving her childless and unemployed, while David—selfish, sensual, unreliable David—departed characteristically, without farewell, upon a wave of self-pity. Rosamund, least morbid of women, honest beyond the common mass of humanity, rebuked the inconsistencies of her heart and marvelled at the measure of her grief; for though, having done her best for him in life she was still prepared to give him prayerful attention in death—where beyond a doubt he needed it—she knew that could he have returned to her now

she would have cowered away from the possibility. Why, then, weep?

Under normal conditions Rosamund Smith was a homely woman, typical of the middle stratum of the middle class, redeemed from plainness only by bright, humorous, and observant eyes. High courage, common sense, and a whimsical sense of duty had guarded her large heart from shrinkage and kept her mental vision always slightly above the level of her surroundings; but to-day, eclipsed by cloudy regrets, she looked dull, depressed, and elderly, a woman disciplined in the patient art of waiting for hopes long deferred—at that moment an omnibus late in appearing.

The section of the road at which she gazed was curiously empty of traffic, vacant, and swept by the fleeting besom of the wind. For several minutes she stared at it before her re-awakened attention reminded her that further on the road was up for repairs, for which reason her returning 'bus would be starting from the corner by the cemetery terminus and temporarily meandering through side-streets before re-entering its usual course below the barrier. She had known this all the week, and here she was, standing like a ninny in a dream.

She shook herself awake with a sigh, and walked rapidly down to the end of the pavement and round into the main thoroughfare. At the end of Morton Street, close by the sheds whence the red 'buses emerged for their labours, a General Omnibus stood slowly collecting passengers while its conductor and driver conversed beside it. She climbed to the top front seat, sat down, and found herself staring through an ineffective barrier of green leaves, across a small front garden neatly beflowered, into a second-floor dressing-room where a middle-aged gentleman, forgetful of undrawn casement curtains, wrestled with an evening tie before a dressing-chest set at an angle with his window.

Rosamund, too much interested to consider any impropriety in her behaviour, watched him sympathetically, her fingers itching to come to his aid as his own fumbled with the obstinacy of a stud which insisted upon exposure and a bow which tied itself persistently askew. He was no expert at his task, and was, moreover, obviously dressing in haste preparatory to dining out. He reminded her of David. Like him he plainly belonged to a class more accustomed to supping in morning costume than to dining in evening dress. With rising affluence David had developed a taste for entertainment, but he had tried to take refuge from trouble in the use of

a made-up tie until Lorna Lindsey had teased him out of it. Lorna, eldest daughter in the flat below theirs, lip-sticked, leggy, modern to vulgarity, had fascinated David; but there was no harm in Miss Lindsey; so Rosamund had tied his tie for him and allowed him to embark on a comparatively innocent flirtation, hoping that it would serve to keep him out of serious mischief. Miss Lindsey was thirty, old enough to look after herself, and by no means ignorant. It had shocked David's wife to discover how broken-hearted the woman had been at his death, how apologetic to what she conceived must be the sorrow of Mrs. Smith. Rosamund, recalling courtship days, and the charm with which David before marriage had concealed a multitude of petty, ignoble sins, realised that had he died then she too would have wept like that, cherishing a like delusion; but she had blamed herself for seeking peace of mind at the girl's expense. At fifty one was apt to forget the blindness of romance, its power over even the lip-sticked and the modern. One forgot that Lorna, by birth, had just managed to be a Victorian, and perhaps nursed a secret devotion to the 'Idylls of the King.'

The man at the dressing-table suspended operations in order to survey their result in his mirror. His hands dropped to his sides, allowing Rosamund an uninterrupted view of his face, and she uttered a faint exclamation. He *was* like David, but David subtly softened into something gentle, amiable, and tubby. Her sight was keen, and a warm evening light revealed to her a visage creased kindly about eyes and mouth, evidencing a degree of good temper which David had never extended to the turmoils of dressing in haste. The vision plucked sharply at a chord of memory, and she knew at last over what grave she had been mourning. On the very first day of their engagement, twenty-six years ago, she had sat in that silly little arbour in her father's back garden and had leapt forward in imagination to visualise David as the future Darby to her Joan. And she had imagined him—with that spice of humorous discernment intrinsic to her nature—precisely like this unknown man; plump, genial, rather helpless, affectionately and delightfully dependent on herself. She had been ready to spend herself for him, to grow elderly with him, to walk content through humdrum suburban responsibilities with him; what she had never anticipated had been that David would dye his hair, refuse to grow fat, and trip through life to the agile accompaniment of a varying female ballet. Pneumonia had whisked him away at fifty-three,

before insistent time could slow him down effectually, but Darby had been dead and buried ever since the honeymoon, and it was over Darby's headstone, so long forgotten, that she had wept to-day. It was hard to be cheated alike of youth and age.

Somebody sat down heavily beside her, and she became aware of the fact that the seats were filling rapidly and that her neighbour was trying to discern the object of her sidelong scrutiny. She blushed hotly, but at that merciful instant the tall vehicle jerked into movement and swung away from the kerb. The 'bus gathered speed, flying through the warm evening as though in ponderous pursuit of vanished Spring, and on a sudden her subdued spirit broke into rebellion.

'Why shouldn't I fancy what I like?' she cogitated. 'I've done my best by what I undertook. I've been stupid often enough, but I haven't shirked. I scrapped all my dreams before I'd worn out my wedding dress, and stuck to my plain duty. Young girls may dream dreams that are silly and beautiful and that they've never earned; why shouldn't an old woman? For all I know he's as bad as David, but then I *don't* know, and he looks just like I used to think David would be. So why shouldn't I fancy. . . . I wonder what his wife is like?'

Characteristically she could not imagine so plump and pleasant a Darby without his Joan; possibly running upstairs at that very moment to find out why he was late when they ought to be starting out for dinner and a West End theatre. She imagined the wife, but somehow her features were vague, her personality uncertain. She was merely a fortunate woman. Oh the happiness of a happy suburban marriage! Rosamund knew that she herself had been born for it, and it had never come to pass for her except in outward semblance, and scarcely even in that. How often had Scandal stood listening on her doorstep? Most women in her place would have indulged in scenes; she hadn't, not after the first few occasions before she had found her bearings. Then why should she work up to one now, by herself on a 'bus-top, indulging in stupid tearful bitterness against life merely because she had seen the similitude of her forgotten day-dream engaged in wrestling with a tie and a stud? After all, she had decent means and surprisingly good health, and there ought to be plenty of scope for affection and the maternal instinct in a world full of the sick and sorry. Now that she was free she could do something practical, or even adopt a child, without being afraid that the home skeleton would rattle if she did.

It wasn't the same thing as having someone of her own, of course, but she must make the best of it. Here was Ealing.

But, defiant of all philosophy, her inner soul muttered 'I shall dream . . . when you aren't thinking.'

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Two days later she succumbed to temptation and raided the Directory at the Free Library. Sixty, Morton Road, was inhabited by one named Cameron, Joseph G., timber merchant. David's mother's aunt by marriage had been a Miss Cameron, from Aberdeen; which was interesting, but not exactly easy to call and explain. In fact even to herself Rosamund could not explain her insistent agitation at the thought of Joseph G. A woman of deep emotions, she had learnt early to despise emotionalism and to question the springs of easy feeling. She would sooner have died than be a fool, more especially a fool in sentiment. But youth will be served, and when youth has been denied, suppressed, and set aside in its own fair season it is apt to revive, incongruously demanding the stars of heaven, later in life. The soul of Rosamund Smith clamoured tearfully at the barred gates of a dream; the mind of Rosamund, slightly derisive and detached, cast about for a remedy and found none, no, not in charity, and she could not bring herself to adopt a child.

If she hadn't seen Joseph Cameron at that particular moment, she assured herself, this absurd state of affairs would never have come about. In the street or at a friend's house the fact of his superficial resemblance to her dead husband would scarcely have disturbed her equanimity. But instead she had, apparently, glimpsed Joseph as he was in the inner sanctities of his own home, and therein lay the seeds of her present heartache and secret rebellion. She had stumbled untowardly upon the knowledge that she was just as much in love with her original ideal of married life as in the days of her ignorant girlhood, just as much troubled by its denial to herself; and unless she found some means of bringing this fantastic obsession down to earth and so of breaking it on the flagstones of common sense the vision of an amiable elderly gentleman was going to haunt her thoughts as persistently as ever masculine film-actor haunted infatuated flapper. She knew it after ten days of restless endeavour at reorganising a daily routine shattered by David's death. Sitting alone at lunch in her flat, now so queerly empty of masculinity, she analysed her case as

dispassionately as might be, regarding her unflattering reflection in the mirror behind the sideboard.

'I'm fat,' she said firmly, 'fat, fifty, and not fair. I've been tough to my troubles because if I'd let things get through to me, listened to anything with more than half an ear, I'd have crumpled long ago. So, now that there's no call to keep on being tough, I'm in for a reaction, like a second . . . not childhood, girlhood . . . but it's bound to pass quick enough if I can get hold of a hair of the dog that bit me. I shall call on Mrs. Cameron, for I'm certain he's married, and meeting her ought to set me right. For all I know he's a beast.'

So spoke the surface mind of Rosamund, while beneath it her deeper mind whispered insistently 'Married? Is he? Well, is he?' and left it at that.

She rose, and going across the small hall-way to her bedroom, deliberately donned the blackest and heaviest of her weeds, including the veil worn only at her husband's funeral. She looked plain in them, and knew it, hung the reluctant crepe as a stern barrier between herself and any nonsense, and found her card-case.

After all David's great-aunt by marriage *had* been a Cameron, and his widow might be excused for being interested in anyone so remarkably like himself. Mrs. Cameron could but snub her at the worst; at best friendship and sensible disillusion might result from her call, and she could support her claims by the best of references and guarantees. She was no adventuress, and it would be quite easy to say she had seen Mr. Cameron in the street, on her way back from the cemetery. Mrs. Cameron would respect her bereavement and perhaps be kind. It was terribly humbugging, but all was fair in love and war. This was not love. It was war against unreasonable sentimentality.

She went forth to battle, and hailed the cemetery 'bus, alighting at Morton Road.

Number sixty possessed a name beside a number—a ridiculous name: 'Hellespont.' It was newish built, with a low artistic porch, from the centre of the arch of which a pink ivy-leaf geranium in a wire basket hung suspended, to trap unwary heads. The brass door-trimmings winked glitteringly, and all the windows were nested with cream casement cloth and more geraniums. The path from the gate was tiled, black and red and white, and was almost provokingly clean. The whole effect was as cosily and

delightfully suburban as it could possibly be, and there was probably a garden at the back just large enough to potter about in.

David the unhomely had never potted about.

Mrs. Smith dodged the geranium, rang the electric bell and waited.

The chief trouble with electric bells is that as often as not their ringer is unaware whether they have sounded, and in the event of a slow response remains uncertain about ringing again and so creating an impression of undue urgency. During the pause which followed her attack upon the bell of 'Hellespont' Rosamund quivered with an impulse toward flight only frustrated by shaking knees. Then the door was opened by a tall, straight woman, pince-nez'd and clothed in that type of middle-aged costume which seems to be changeless from generation to generation. She looked at Rosamund, silently inquiring, with a gaze at once timid and judicial, and Mrs. Smith smiled nervously.

'Is Mrs. Cameron at home?' she asked, proffering her card.

'Yes,' replied the tall woman, 'I am Mrs. Cameron. Will you come in?' She took the card and glanced at it quietly, her face thawing to faint cordiality. 'Oh, I see; you are Mrs. Smith,' she remarked, and stood aside to admit her visitor and close the door.

Rosamund entered a blue-papered hall floor-tiled to match the garden path, from whence a white enamelled crimson-felted staircase sprang abruptly upward to a landing cheerful with sunshine. Her hostess, muttering an apology, passed her, opened an inner door, and led her into a small drawing-room where a chesterfield couch and a spindly rosewood suite rioted primly with sundry small tables, upon a limited expanse of pink carpet. Mrs. Smith, momentarily nonplussed by the fact that she seemed to be known to this stranger, sat down plumply on the chair which Mrs. Cameron offered her. Mrs. Cameron seated herself upon another with the jointed action of a Dutch doll and looked at her expectantly. The chesterfield flaunted at them pink impeccable skirts.

'I hope,' said Rosamund apologetically, 'that you will excuse me for calling on you like this . . . but . . . well, it's a queer sort of thing to explain. My husband was related to some Camerons, but only by marriage, and I had quite a shock when I saw Mr. Cameron—in the street a few days ago; the likeness was astonishing. I couldn't help noticing it, and I knew who he

was by his living in this house. I had just been to the cemetery with flowers, and it quite upset me. And to-day, after considering everything, I made up my mind to call, although we have never met before.'

A peculiar expression passed over the countenance of her *vis-à-vis*.

'It's very kind of you,' she said. 'You saw my husband in the street? When, what time?'

'Ten days ago,' answered Rosamund, colouring at the quick question, 'after six o'clock, last Wednesday week. Under the circumstances I hardly had the courage to call earlier, but at last I acted on impulse.'

'Ten days!' broke in Mrs. Cameron, thoughtfully. 'Last Wednesday week. That's the very evening that he went. Mrs. Smith, you really need not apologise. It's very kind of you, being a sort of relation, to come and try to help me find him, knowing, as you happen to do through Cousin Angus, of his peculiar ways. I am so anxious not to appeal to the police again. Last time, after a fortnight, when I was getting really nervous, he suddenly sent a postcard from Southend, and my brother went down and fetched him home, just as if nothing had happened. But I'd notified the Police Station, and it made me feel such a fool, and Joseph himself found out and was terribly angry. He says that he loses his memory, but that it always comes back to him if he keeps calm, and so he always has money with him when he goes out in case of emergencies. I've tried to believe him, Mrs. Smith, because it eases things all round, but it's happened three times now . . . and I can't, I really can't! Besides, this time he took a suitcase with him.'

Rosamund blinked at her in appalled silence. Here was disillusionment with a vengeance! Southend . . . loss of memory . . . bah! It was David all over again, only a clumsier thing than David had ever done.

'Was he in evening dress when you saw him, Mrs. Smith?' queried the other woman plaintively. 'He was supposed to be dining out, and I know that he dressed, but he never went to the dinner.'

'Yes, he was,' said Rosamund, noting the tension of Mrs. Cameron's lean face, in the temple of which a tell-tale artery beat visibly, witnessing the clamour of heart and nerves. She had the physical thinness, the impassivity, of an exhausted cat, but her

eyes betrayed a hint of the cat's wild timidity, and a flood of fellow-feeling arose in Rosamund's heart. They had both sat, it seemed in the same boat, rocked on the same matrimonial sea, tried to present to the world the same unruffled front, and although Mrs. Smith vaguely suspected that her hostess might be something of a fool that fact did not mitigate her tragedy. But the woman seemed to be talking under a misconception about her confidante. Rosamund felt that somehow, under the ægis of an unknown 'Cousin Angus,' she had stumbled illegally into the bosom of a strange family.

'I'm afraid there's a mistake somewhere,' she said awkwardly; 'you seem to think that you know me, or of me, Mrs. Cameron. Smith's a common enough name, but I really have no relation named "Angus" that I know of, and I didn't know that Mr. Cameron had . . . disappeared. I live on the other side of Ealing.' 'Oh!'

Mrs. Cameron's cheeks became pink-streaked, her frightened eyes dismayed. She looked down at the card which she still held in her hand.

'I thought that you were the widow of a distant cousin of mine,' she said slowly, 'a Mrs. Angus Smith, who's just lost her husband and has come to live quite near us. My name used to be Smith. I haven't called on her yet.' Embarrassment quivered in her voice. 'Whatever can you be thinking?' she cried distressedly, 'I've always been so careful . . . and now I've talked freely to a perfect stranger!'

Rosamund arose, rustling, her big firm hand extended.

'No you haven't!' she contradicted, 'we're' (she laughed hesitatingly) 'in a way sisters in affliction; not quite strangers. And I don't gossip or pry, so please don't worry over your mistake. It was my fault, butting in on you like this because of your husband's likeness to mine. I'll say good-bye.'

Mrs. Cameron remained seated, bright colour burning on either cheek-bone.

'Don't go,' she said hastily. 'Please sit down again. You must have some tea. You have lost your husband and—so have I, and my loss is harder than yours, I'll venture to say, for at least you know that your man is still yours, and . . . a . . . a . . . happy memory, while if Joseph walked in now safe and sound he would be just as much lost, for me. I don't talk much as a rule, but I'm overwrought to-day, Mrs. Smith, and if it comes to that

I believe that you're quite as likely to understand things as Angus' wife. You're not a bitter woman, anyone could see that, and I don't suppose' (glancing at her visitor's heavy mourning) 'that you were ever afraid of your dear husband. You loved him, and came here because Joseph reminded you of him and you wished to know us. Isn't that so?'

Rosamund resumed her seat, her visage peony-red. Why had she ever put on those dreadful blacks, tied her soul up in irrevocable humbug? How on earth could she ever explain to anyone that her instinct in adopting such trappings even temporarily had been grief for her dead youth rather than mourning for a faithless faithfully served husband? But she had little need of speech. Mrs. Cameron's reserve, once broken, bid fair to collapse utterly. She twisted and turned Rosamund's card between feverish fingers, and continued speaking, tears trembling on her lashes.

'I'm bitter, Mrs. Smith,' she said, 'bitter because I'm so frightened. My love has been traded on, and I am despised for it. I'd like to hate better, but I haven't a hating disposition, and when he's ill, as he often is, I can't keep it up. Besides, it may be more mental than moral, his erratic ways and his temper. I try to think so. I try to be fair. He had an accident once, you see, and I always make allowances for everybody. But sometimes . . . oh, I couldn't tell any happy widow what it's like when the man you loved is dead and something queer and evil has taken his place. My brother has been living with us for a year now, and he's so kind and sensible, a bachelor who ought to have been somebody's splendid husband. Such a comfort. But even he cannot see things as they are to a woman. Besides, he's never been married himself. If I knew for certain that Joseph had left me for good I believe that I should feel it less than this dreadful uncertainty. Even if he *drank* I shouldn't feel it so. But it's just as if he went away periodically to be with the Devil in some horrible place, and it makes him . . . cruel. But I can't leave him. There's always the chance that doing that would . . . would shut him out for good. Once or twice he's been sorry. So I have to wait, old and ugly that I am now.'

She began to weep, with dry coughing little sobs and sparse tears, while Rosamund regarded her with an even mixture of sympathy and consternation, recognising in her that type of dowdily conscientious, over-intense woman which so often rouses a bad-tempered, passionate man to sheer brutality. Mrs. Smith

realised that if she herself had resembled Mrs. Cameron, David would positively have beaten her. And yet this woman had pluck, and a pride only momentarily abandoned which already was checking her painful little spasm of grief. Rosamund's lips tightened. Sentiment and folly had vanished, and she wished now to meet the absent Mr. Cameron from far other motives than those which had drawn her to the house.

'I know,' she said, guarding her own heart from the unwary counter-confidence towards which indignation impelled her. 'Anything's better than uncertainty and having to appear as if everything is all right when it's all wrong. It takes it out of you, any sort of fear, doesn't it? I'm so sorry.'

Mrs. Cameron made no direct answer. She had stiffened in her chair and sat now with her thin ears alert, listening to some other sound than Rosamund's voice. Rosamund, half turning, listened too. A latch-key was being inserted in the front door. A footfall and the thud of a suit-case deposited on the hall-floor followed, next a double set of footsteps.

Mrs. Cameron rose.

'That's not *only* my brother,' she said huskily, and stood watching the drawing-room door, relief struggling with dread in her anxious eyes. A voice without, strong and strident, answered some low-pitched remark in another tone. 'I wish you'd mind your own infernal business, David!' it said.

The latch clicked back under the assault of a heavy hand, and a large man, untidily dressed, rough-haired, and curiously pallid, stood framed in the doorway. Rosamund received an impression of a peculiar heavy-lidded glance which fluttered over her dark draperies and caught and held Mrs. Cameron's intent gaze with a hint of menace.

'I've been to Boulogne, on business, Louisa,' he said, advancing, 'Didn't you get my wire?' He seemed to fill the room.

'No,' said Mrs. Cameron, helplessly, looking at the carpet. 'No, Joseph, I had no wire. This is my husband, Mrs. Smith.' She looked up suddenly, past the man she dreaded, to a plump, bald, kindly little gentleman who, smiling at her reassuringly, had followed him in. 'This is my brother David,' she added.

And to this day Louisa Cameron has never perfectly known why at that instant her destined sister-in-law fainted.

A REFORMED SUPER-PICKPOCKET.

Most newcomers to Australia are sooner or later victimised with the story of the little 'currency lass.' To save my readers the trouble of going to Australia, they shall hear it now. If they have heard it before, so much the better; this is where it belongs.

Somewhere in the earlier days, when New South Wales was still a receptacle for British and Irish convicts, and British regiments garrisoned Sydney, a regiment was due for recall. The colonel's wife, who had three small children well looked after by a young 'currency lass' (i.e. a girl born in New South Wales of free English parents), was anxious not to upset her household, and offered to take the little nurse with her. The girl, excited and very willing, asked where the regiment was being moved to. 'Home,' said her mistress, 'Back to England.' 'To England?' said the girl, suddenly damped and disconsolate. 'I couldn't go there, madam—that's where all the wicked people come from.'

Exactly. And Australia was the place where quite a number of the wicked people mended their ways and became good, useful citizens. That side of convict life is far too much neglected. The sociology of early (that is, pre-constitutional) Australia is represented in most men's mental libraries by weird stories of bushranging and heart-rending narratives of convict sufferings at Port Arthur or Norfolk Island—Charles Reade's 'It's Never Too Late to Mend' and Marcus Clarke's 'For the Term of His Natural Life.' Out of the mass of transported persons the fiction-writers have selected for our attention only those who were convicted of a second crime in New South Wales, and were therefore set apart for further punishment in isolated gaols under purely British control. I have no complaint against the writers of fiction—it is their business to be sensational; but it is surely time that historians should set about their business, and consider what happened to the mass of convicts who were not 'twice-convicted,' but served their sentences and lived quiet workaday lives thereafter. The chance 'to live a better life in a new country' was taken by far more than is usually believed. Some day, indeed, we may find ourselves discussing the case of an English criminal who in the clean Australian air reformed and prospered and became an honoured and pious citizen—and then, ill-advisedly returning to England, relapsed into crime and murder.

He, no doubt, was an extreme case ; for the present we will be content with a nearer approach to normality.

At Maynooth in county Kildare, on May 14, 1755, a respectable working silversmith, who had married a no less respectable mantua-maker, found himself the proud parent of a male infant with excellent brains. There was no money for education in the family, but a local physician taught the boy the elements of mathematics, and a dignitary of the Irish Church (the ' Dictionary of National Biography ' calls him Dr. Westropp, but in contemporary narratives he is ' Dr. C—— of Leixlip ') used his interest to enter young Henry Waldron at a good school in Dublin. There the boy picked up enough general knowledge to meet on equal terms the gentlefolk of his own generation. What he did not pick up was any sense of morals. In a quarrel with an older boy he forgot himself so far as to use a penknife, and was flogged for stabbing ; promptly he stole twelve guineas from the head-master's study and a gold watch from his sister's dressing-table, and on a still night in May 1771 left school hastily for Drogheda. There by ill-luck he fell in with a travelling troupe of players, whose chief, one John Price, had been sentenced in England to transportation and had escaped to Ireland. Whether he could act or not, a young man of gentlemanly habits and appearance, with money in his pockets, was an acquisition to Price's company ; four days after his arrival Henry Waldron—having become for stage purposes ' George Barrington '—was starred as Jaffier in *Venice Preserved* in a barn on the outskirts of the town, and was forthwith persuaded to hand over the gold watch to enable the company to get away as quickly as possible. As they made their way across Ulster towards Londonderry, George found himself the accepted lover in fact of his Belvidera (a pretty girl named Egerton, already the victim of an unfortunate love-affair), and spent what was left of his guineas in giving her a good time. By the time they reached Londonderry both he and Price were hard put to it, and the elder man introduced him to the gentle art of picking pockets for a livelihood. George was never much of an actor—on the stage—but soon excelled in petty larceny ; his first venture, in conjunction with Price, brought in forty guineas in cash and over £150 in Irish bank-notes ; thus, to quote his most friendly biographer, at the age of sixteen he ' commenced the business of a regular and professional pickpocket.' Soon the company moved on to Ballyshannon in Donegal, ' one of the pleasantest, cheapest, most plentiful, and most polite country-towns in Ireland '—I wonder if it keeps up that

reputation. George went down with fever, and the company decided to leave him behind ; but the faithful Miss Egerton stayed with him, and took charge of a sum of seventy guineas handed to her by Price (who was honest in his way) as George's dividend to date.

The story now becomes confused. George recovered, and is next heard of on the Boyne, where Miss Egerton was drowned owing to the carelessness of a ferryman—no detail given. After another gap we find him at Limerick ; at Cork he rejoined Price (whose company had broken up) and entered society as a young man of fashion—he was only just seventeen—with Price as the faithful retainer. Price, growing careless, was caught and transported to America for seven years. George made east, and in the spring of 1773 displayed his graces at Carlow races (this sounds like a quotation from Lever, but is of earlier date), where he was caught with his hand in another blood's pocket and suffered 'the discipline of the course'—again one would have liked more details. Ireland was obviously no place for him. He bolted to London, travelling in distinguished company, made valuable friends on the way—particularly Captain W——H——n, who procured him the *entrée* to London society—and burst upon the town as a young Irishman of good breeding, cultivated wit, and great fortune, who had been forced by 'the ill-natured severity of a harsh unrelenting stepmother' to study law in London.

If he studied law at all (it is said that he was entered at the Middle Temple), it was the better to evade it. He enjoyed himself, at any rate, to the full, displaying his wit in epigrams after the fashion of the day. For a nobleman of the county of Sussex, who had mournfully inscribed on his tomb *Domus Ultima*, George had both piety and wit to spare :

'Did he, who thus inscrib'd this wall,
Not read, or not believe, Saint Paul ?
Who says "There is, where-e'er it stands,
Another house, not made with hands :"
Or shall we gather, from these words,
That house is not a House of Lords ?'

Always too, he had an eye to the main chance. During one drinking bout he took occasion to pick the pockets of all his drunken companions—though not, says his biographer, 'before the reckoning was called for and the bill discharged.' (One admires equally

George's caution and that of the innkeeper, who secured his money before the guests were too drunk to pay quietly.) Another day he was taken to Ranelagh by the mysterious H——n, met others who had crossed with him from Ireland, and went back to town and a jovial dinner with nearly £120 and a lady's watch in his pockets. For two years he had the time of his life.

Then his luck went by the board. Loitering in the vestibule of the Opera, he lifted a gold snuff-box worth £40,000 from Prince Alexis Orloff, and was caught; the Prince, having recovered his snuff-box, was far too aristocratic to appear at the court, and George had to be acquitted, but from that moment he was (at twenty) a disgraced and marked man. The next fifteen years we may summarise roughly:

- 1777. In January given three years in the hulks for picking a woman's pocket. In December let out as a reward for good conduct.
- 1778. In April given five years in the hulks for picking pockets in St. Sepulchre's church.
- 1781. Let out at the intercession of Sir M—— L—— (are not these initials tantalising ?) on condition he left England altogether. Accumulating hastily about £100 by picking pockets in London, he bolted to Dublin, tried the same game there, and was acquitted because the evidence failed to satisfy an Irish jury.
- 1782. Crossed to Edinburgh, could achieve nothing among the cautious Scots, and made south through Chester (where he picked up £600 in all at the great linen fair) to London.
- 1783. Arrested at the beginning of the year for violating the conditions of his 1781 release; sent back to serve the remainder of his sentence.
- 1784. In the dock again for the same type of offence: acquitted.
- 1785. Caught picking pockets in Drury Lane theatre; acquitted, mainly because of an eloquent address to the jury.
- 1787. Caught again at Drury Lane, but escaped from custody, and travelled the northern counties in various disguises. Was outlawed for escaping.
- 1789. Caught at Newcastle and sent back to Newgate as an outlaw. At end of year was tried for the offence of 1787, but was acquitted, mainly because evidence was hard to obtain after a two years' interval.

Early in 1790 he tried Dublin again, but found the city unsympathetic and infertile, so returned to London. On September 1 he was caught at his old game on a racecourse, and on the 15th was found guilty of petty larceny, in spite of having introduced to the jury's notice 'an affectionate companion and an infant offspring' of whom we have not heard before. The Lord Chief Baron, who tried the case, took occasion to say (after the verdict had been rendered) that in the public interest George should have been indicted on the capital charge of stealing from the person, and should thereafter have been hanged. With undisturbed composure—he pided himself on being always the little gentleman—George bade farewell to the court in the character of an unfortunate and friendless orphan :

'Every effort to deserve well of mankind, that my heart bore witness to its rectitude [*sic*], has been constantly thwarted and rendered abortive. . . . Where was the generous and powerful hand that was ever stretched forth to rescue George Barrington from infamy ? No noble-minded gentleman stepped forward and said "You are possessed of abilities which may be useful to society. I feel your situation, and as long as you act the part of a good citizen I will be your protector." Alas, my Lord, George Barrington had never the supreme felicity of having such comfort administered to his wounded spirit.'

By this time Barrington was notorious from end to end of Britain both as a master-pickpocket (for his convictions, though they loom large here, were few in comparison with his unpunished but widely broadcasted successes) and as an orator of matchless eloquence in his own defence. To tell the truth, he could have earned thousands at the Bar of those days ; his speeches from the dock bear very favourable comparison with the acknowledged masterpieces of such pleaders as Erskine and Curran (the quotation given above does not do him justice in that respect). For many years it was a safe advertisement to put his name on the title-page of any book, and the British Museum's Catalogue registers at least a dozen volumes that were no more his than Wordsworth's. We shall deal with some of them below ; meanwhile it may be recorded at once that he had nothing to do with the false ascriptions ; towards the end of his life, indeed, he 'expressed a very considerable degree of displeasure, when he was in a state of sanity, at his name being affixed to a narrative which he knew only by report as being about to be published, and which subsequently did appear under a

deceptious mask.' Perhaps the greatest tribute to his fame, however, is contained in *The Times* of September 6, 1794. On that day the young *Thunderer* surprised everyone by issuing a self-parody, an anticipation of its issue of June 10, 1800, when Britain should be a republic with an established guillotine at Charing Cross and paper money at a discount of 80 per cent. At the Opera House this 'New Times' advertised a 'favourite Ballet' in which Tom Paine represented the Archbishop of Canterbury, William Skirving ('his first public appearance since his return from Botany Bay') the Archbishop of York, and 'Fytche Palmer' the Bishop of London. Maurice Margarot issued orders as Mayor of London. And in the National Convention, otherwise mainly occupied with the speeches of a certain Gamage, George found his place: 'Citizen Barrington, Representative from Botany Bay, was yesterday detected picking the pocket of the President of the National Convention of a gold snuff-box. He was reprimanded, but defended what he had done, on principles of Equality.'

This indeed was fame. And to round off the story of the Barrington whom all men knew at this end of the world, it remains only to be recorded that his 'affectionate companion,' to whom he had so unexpectedly introduced the jury of 1790, was in 1802 given six months in Bridewell as a disorderly person. That, and the fact that he wrote her a letter when aboard the transport that took him to Australia, are the sum total of our knowledge of her.

But what of the new Barrington? for a new one, from this time forth, came into existence. Think over the record you have just been reading—and then consider a few sentences from a letter written in 1796 by Governor Hunter of New South Wales to the Under-Secretary for the Admiralty [the spelling is Hunter's own]:

'One of the most Zealous on public duty, and one of the most exemplary in private life of any within the colony. . . . Well has he since in this country deserv'd for his services some extraordinary encouragement. . . . He has constantly done the duty of chief constable at Parramatta, and in that office has been indefatigable in keeping the public peace and in guarding private property. It is much to be regretted that a man of this description, because once having offended the laws of his country, shou'd be ever afterwards considered as unworthy its favour.'

The inner history of this remarkable conversion will never be ascertained. If we could believe Philip Gidley King (afterwards

Governor of New South Wales), it began on the voyage —King saw him aboard the transport *Active* at the Cape of Good Hope, and reported that he was 'now a religious convert; he performs service, and gives a sermon twice on Sunday.' But this in itself is no proof of sincerity; James Hardy Vaux, who was three times transported and remained a criminal when he was 'advanced into the decrepitude of age,' is reported by Hartley Coleridge (how did *he* come to know?) as having 'turned preacher in Australia' years before he committed his last crime. In Barrington's case we have other evidence. He wrote at least two letters from his transport, one to his wife and another to 'A Gentleman in the County of York,' both of which were published in English newspapers. And his sentiments expressed therein are not exactly those of a convert. His wife he assured that 'with the best of hearts and best of dispositions there is, God knows, an overbearing fate that counteracts our best designs, and makes us act (that is, pick pockets) in spite of ourselves'; the picture of George Barrington constrained by Providence to pick pockets when he was trying to lead an honest life demands illustration by a great artist. [To judge from internal evidence, this letter was intended for publication; it was dated March 2 and published in the *Morning Chronicle* on the 9th, and is full of 'the many years' endearment, the fond affections of a father, and all the flattering hopes of a reclaimed life . . .' and similar *rechauffées* of the address to the jury at his trial.] The Yorkshire gentleman was favoured with references to 'the unfortunate affair which has compelled me to become a circumnavigator,' with complaints that his exile had been brought about by 'the united efforts of falsehood, malice, and rancour,' and with eulogies of the soothing influence of 'Sweet Hope.' These are, no doubt, the commonplaces of the day and age, and need not be regarded as comic or overstrained; but they are scarcely reconcilable with any belief in George's sincere repentance at that stage.

Incidentally it may be noted that even the name of the vessel that carried him to Australia is uncertain. He wrote to his wife from the *Mary and Ann*, but there was no such vessel in the convoy. There was a *Mary Ann*, but she carried women convicts only, and minor discrepancies eliminate her from the competition. There was also a *William and Ann*, and several authorities accept her. But King declares that he saw George in the *Active*, and David Collins —the ablest and most important official in Australia after Phillip—also assigns him to the *Active*, so that we have some warrant for

preferring her. The 'Voyage to New South Wales' which its publishers announced as by George Barrington, ascribes to him heroic conduct during a convict mutiny which actually occurred (the mutiny, not the conduct) aboard the *Albemarle*; but that is an obvious attempt to provide the public, at all costs, with sensational narrative about a popular hero, and need not be taken seriously.

If George went out in the *Active*, he must have suffered a good deal on the voyage, for it is reported that her contingent of convicts arrived in Port Jackson 'emaciated and feeble.' He says nothing of this to his Yorkshire friend, mentioning only that he had not suffered from gout, rheumatism, scurvy, or even sea-sickness; but this may have been merely a way of 'cracking hardy,' a common symptom among travellers when writing home. However that may be, he had not long landed when he obtained a position of trust and began at once to prove his sincerity in practice. The change is so remarkable that it will excuse a long quotation from Collins, whose evidence is not likely to err on the side of favouritism. Discussing some warrants of emancipation made out by Phillip on November 3, 1792 (by no means the first such warrants, as is frequently stated), he writes :

'The third warrant was made out in favour of one who, whatever might have been his conduct when at large in society, had here not only demeaned himself with the strictest propriety, but had rendered essential services to the colony—George Barrington. He came out in the *Active*; on his arrival the Governor employed him at Toongabbe, and in a situation which was likely to attract the envy and hatred of the convicts, in proportion as he might be vigilant and inflexible. He was first placed as a subordinate, and shortly after as a principal watchman; in which situation he was diligent, sober, and impartial; and had rendered himself so eminently serviceable, that the Governor resolved to draw him from the line of convicts; and, with the instrument of his emancipation, he received a grant of thirty acres of land in an eligible situation near Parramatta. Here was not only a reward for past good conduct, but an incitement to a continuance of it; and Barrington found himself, through the Governor's liberality, though not so absolutely free as to return to London at his own pleasure, yet enjoying the immunities of a free man, a settler, and a civil officer, in whose integrity much confidence was placed.'

Behold now our George High Constable of Parramatta. They were grandiloquent in those days—but not quite so grandiloquent as a

gentleman who in July 1916 told *Notes and Queries* that George had been 'High Commissioner of the settlement of New South Wales.' A little later he was promoted to be a 'superintendent of convicts,' an official whose powers the regulations defined thus: 'He superintends, the Duty of the Constables and takes Care that they duly attend to the Orders of the Civil Police.' This appointment could be held only by free men; to qualify George for it Governor Hunter in September 1796 granted him unconditional emancipation, so that from that date onwards he could have returned to England whenever he chose; wisely enough, he preferred to stay where he was. His grant of land did not much interest him. To the 30 acres Phillip gave him the next administrator, Colonel Grose, added another 30 in 1794, and George bought 50 more on the Hawkesbury River a few years later; but he made little use of them, merely running a few sheep on them to keep the undergrowth within control. What he loved was dignified superintendence with intervals of repose and the society of harmonious spirits. Possibly he was never so thrilled during his Australian career as when—while still nominally a convict on ticket-of-leave, not yet fully emancipated—he was called upon to bear witness to the character of the Judge Advocate, the principal judicial officer in the colony. This official, Richard Atkins, had been roundly accused by the cantankerous John Macarthur of drunkenness on the Bench; Barrington responded to the call for defence, and testified with the air of a Lord Chief Justice that Atkins on the bench was not only strictly sober but 'actuated by a lively zeal for the public welfare.' To appreciate his feelings on that occasion we must conceive the restrained emotions of a Dartmoor *pensionnaire* called to bear witness to the good character of Lord Hewart.

It must have been shortly after the publication of Hunter's despatch to Under-Secretary King, mentioned some pages back, that George made another appearance in fantastic surroundings in the London press. The *Spirit of the Public Journals* for 1798 reprints from a source it does not specify a delightful account of 'A very numerous and respectable Meeting of his Majesty's faithful and loyal subjects of Botany Bay, held at Port Jackson, the 20th October 1792; George Barrington, Esquire, in the Chair.' Among the many and verbose resolutions passed is one demanding the creation of a hereditary nobility 'as had been done in Canada'; the reference is obscure. Another protests with dignity against the transportation to Australia of persons disaffected to the British

Constitution—'a measure which, if put in execution, not only must inevitably sully the morals of this virtuous colony; but might also be the means of overturning its divine constitution.' The resolutions were to be presented to King George III by 'John Reeves, Esquire, a true patriot,' who about the end of 1792 had founded in London an Association for preserving Liberty and Property against Levellers and Republicans. And the vote of thanks to the chairman eulogised 'his impartiality and attention to the public interest, his laudable exertions for the security of private property, and his upright conduct as a magistrate.' The skit was probably directed rather against Reeves than against Barrington, and the date allotted for the meeting is inexplicable; but the obvious references to the exile of the Scottish Martyrs (1793-5), and to Hunter's eulogy of Barrington in 1796, seem to date George's last public appearance in London at 1797.

The real George was far otherwise occupied. Up to 1801, at any rate, he enjoyed a dignified peace that it is a pleasure to contemplate. He was one of the notable features of New South Wales society, and globe-trotters of the time were taken up to Parramatta to see him—if they were presentable, and lucky, to be introduced to him—as the American visitor nowadays is brought along in charabanc or taxicab to view the outgoings and home-comings of Princess Elizabeth. From their diaries we get glimpses of him. 'Barrington is a man of very genteel address. I have drank a glass of grog in his house. . . . He is a pleasant conversable man.' That was in 1798. In 1800 Joseph Holt, the 'Irish Exile,' met him on the wide main street of Parramatta—then the Mall of New South Wales—walking arm-in-arm with Judge Advocate Atkins. Holt was duly impressed. But by that time the rackets life of those strenuous earlier years, and probably the glasses of grog attendant on his entertainment of globe-trotters, were telling on George, and at forty-five he was already an old man. On November 28, 1800, he was invalided on half-pay—that is to say, his successor received only £25 per annum, George retaining the other £25. This did not involve forgetfulness of him, for at the end of 1803 he was by direct orders from England granted a real pension of £50 per annum, with the curious proviso 'whose pay is to cease on his demise.' As he had long since officially 'demised' from his office, and no one would go on paying a man after he was dead, one is at a loss to understand the exact intention of the proviso.

The pension did him little good. During the years of retirement

he lost his grip on affairs altogether, and Governor King, who had in previous years reported on him as 'active and very valuable,' was compelled in March 1804 to enter him up as insane. On December 27 in that year he died at Parramatta, and the remains of his estate—the 50-acre farm on the Hawkesbury, with 124 sheep running on it—were sold by auction on January 2, 1805. Probably the greater part of his possessions had been disposed of during the year by Samuel Marsden (the great missionary of New Zealand) and Thomas Arndell, who had been appointed his trustees during his lunacy.

So, you may think, George is dead at last. Never less so. The man, I grant you, was buried safely away in 1804. But the George Barrington of legend, the hero-criminal who was High Commissioner of New South Wales and Representative from Botany Bay, continued to issue books and provide 'deceptive masks' for every hack in the purlieu of Fleet Street. He had already been saddled with a 'Voyage to New South Wales,' published in 1795 in London, translated into French (as 'Voyage à Botany Bay') in the Year VI of the Republic, re-published in New York in 1800, given a Sequel in 1801, and issued in new editions in 1803 and 1810. He had his name on the title-page of a 'History of New South Wales' issued in 1802 (with remarks about 'Pamaratta') and re-edited in 1810. He was even given credit for the second edition—in 1808—of a 'History of New Holland' first published in 1787, when he was wandering over northern England. But what the public loved most was 'The Frauds and Cheats of London Detected,' issued under his name in 1802; who could be a better authority? Its fourth edition, which appeared in 1805, was renamed 'The New London Spy' and included an essay on boxing by the famous Belcher, and it was popular enough to warrant a pirated Scottish edition issued from Falkirk in 1809. We need not inquire further. Of all the alleged works we may rest assured that not one was George's, and only one—the first edition of the 'Voyage'—can possibly contain matter of his writing; in the main it also is not his, for it transfers him from the *Active* to the *Albemarle* in order to give him a chance of behaving heroically. A good deal of the 'Voyage,' and practically the whole of the 'History' in all its editions, were manufactured by summarising with insufficient knowledge the works of Phillip and Collins and Tench, who are the real authorities on the early history of British settlement in Australia.

The attempts to use Barrington's name for authorship are indeed

so crudely unconvincing—one is staggered to find that they deceived Leslie Stephen into letting whole globs of inaccuracy into the 'Dictionary of National Biography'—that they would scarcely be worth even this passing notice but for one thing. The 'Voyage to New South Wales,' published in 1795, had by 1801 begun to pall, and the publisher, hoping to resuscitate it, or at least find a profit-bringing successor, set an unnamed hack to embody most of it and large slabs of Phillip and Collins and Tench, already mentioned, in a 'History of New South Wales, by George Barrington,' which was published in 1802. The hack, looking about him for material wherewith to diversify and enliven the stale narrative, went so far as to read up the *Annual Register* for 1801; and there, on pp. 516-17, he found a treasure:

'PROLOGUE. By a Gentleman of Leicester.

On opening the Theatre, as [*sic*] Sydney, Botany Bay, to be spoken by the celebrated Mr. Barrington.

'From distant climes o'er wide-spread seas we come,
Though not with much eclat or beat of drum,
True patriots all; for be it understood,
We left our country for our country's good;
No private views disgrac'd our generous zeal,
What urg'd our travels was our country's weal;
And none will doubt but that our emigration
Has prov'd most useful to the British nation.'

There are forty more lines, but those quoted are the pick—and what a pick! It is the absolute *locus classicus* of convict humour. The lucky hack grabbed it with both hands. It was unlikely that readers of his 'History' would peruse the *Annual Register*, and if they did they would scarcely venture into the arid deserts of the *Register's* verse supplement. [He was so well justified in this belief that no one I can trace ventured there from that time forth until June 1927.] Still, he did not dare, in face of a deliberate ascription to a Gentleman of Leicester, to connect the Prologue definitely with Barrington; he hunted through his manuscript for the mention of a theatrical entertainment given by convicts at Sydney in 1796, and copied down the *Register* verses as having been spoken at that performance, the first in which convicts took part. He also, by the way, sprinkled the verses with commas and capital letters and managed to get in three misprints, which were corrected

in the second (1810) edition of the 'History,' Thus the ball was set rolling; a witty Prologue occurring in a book attributed to George Barrington was soon credited to him either as author or as speaker; and the immortal lines about 'true patriots' and 'our country's good' have ever since been one of his surest titles to fame. Even without his knowledge, and during an enforced absence 12,000 miles away, poor George must be made to pick another pocket.

It may comfort his converted spirit if we close the story by returning at least this piece of property to its true owner. The 'Gentleman of Leicester' who in a moment of real inspiration gave Botany Bay what one might almost call its National Anthem was Mr. Henry Carter. Of him only three other facts are (as far as is yet known) recorded; he died in August 1806, he was 'a gentleman of considerable literary attainments and great benevolence,' and he was a personal friend of Miss Susanna Watts, near relative of Alaric Watts who founded the *Standard* newspaper. In 1802 F. and C. Rivington of St. Paul's Churchyard issued a thin volume of verse—'Original Poems, and Translations . . . chiefly by Susanna Watts.' This last phrase was true of the Translations; but more than a third of the volume, including nearly the whole of the original work, was actually written by Henry Carter. Among his contributions were four theatrical prologues. One of them, on p. 84, is thus headed:

'The Newspapers having announced, that a Theatre was to be opened at Sydney Town, Botany Bay, and Plays to be performed by the Convicts, this Prologue is supposed to have been spoken by the celebrated Mr. B-r-r-ngt-n, on that occasion. 1801. By a Gentleman.'

Thereupon follows the *Register's* Prologue, somewhat be-commaed and strewn with italic type, and considerably varied—in my judgment, usually for the worse, but the reader may judge for himself. Consider

'But, you inquire, what could our breasts inflame
With this new passion for theatric fame?
What, in the practice of our former days,
Could shape our talents to exhibit plays?
Your patience, sirs, some observations made,
You'll grant us equal to the scenic trade.'

(*Annual Register*, 1801.)

Now, is that improved in the following version ?

' But you enquire, in us whence springs this rage,
 " To strut and fret our hour upon the stage " ?
 Could aught, within our former practice, teach,
 Talents like ours, dramatic fame to reach ?
 List, list, Oh list, before this Court I plead,
 Our claim well founded to Theatric meed.'

(' Original Poems ' . . . , 1802.)

One fears the fatal effects of feminine influence ; and indeed Susanna's ladylike hand is obviously responsible for the plethora of commas.

However that may be, the Prologue is Carter's in both versions, and he was so pleased with the remark about the country's good that he used it over again in other poems. Also it was written in England in 1801 apropos of the opening of the second Sydney theatre in 1800, and had no connexion whatever with the performance in January 1796.

Rest, therefore, perturbed spirit of Barrington the Great ! Rest, *si libentius audis*, Henry Waldron, victim of an overbearing fate ! The deceptious masks are destroyed ; the last and gravest of your larcenies, to which you might truthfully have pleaded misjudged innocence, is remedied, and the golden phrases, more valuable than any gold snuff-box, restored to their rightful owner. With such comfort administered to your wounded spirit, you may perhaps at last enjoy supreme felicity.

ARTHUR JOSE.

KALE OF KASHMIR.

BY CAPTAIN O'BRIEN FFRENCH.

WE were twelve days out from Srinagar and the leisure of Kashmir, along the Gilgit road and up a certain side valley over the pass of the Boorghi La—across the Indus at Skandu of Baltistan—across the divide and the further valleys of gold and emerald—the gold of apricots, the emerald of young rice fields. With me were Habiba, my shikari, and Aziza, the cook, a band of coolies, and faithful Scamp, my dog. We had reached a ravine called Scoro, with a tiny hamlet and a friendly headman who promised his simple supplies. For my part that evening, under the direction of Habiba and the headman, I dispensed liberal doses of one all-round remedy to the sick of the village. Sore eyes, goitre, rheumatism—all alike they gratefully received castor oil, of which I had brought no small quantity.

Next morning, by break of day, camp was already being struck. The sixteen coolies from the neighbouring villages adjusted their loads and we set off up the nullah towards the region of glaciers and eternal snows. The going was rough and the volume of water in the stream which ran along the bottom of the nullah increased as hour by hour the strength of the July sun melted the ice and snow at its source. It was almost unfordable by midday when we crossed it for the last time and climbed up to our hunting grounds 16,000 feet above the sea level, and here we made a permanent camp on the steep tilt of the mountain side.

We now turned our attention to looking for signs of game, and on the afternoon of the second day made two discoveries, the first negative, the second positive. We were on our way back to camp after a fruitless search for ibex marks when we suddenly disturbed a snow-leopardess with two cubs that were sunning themselves on a ledge of rock just below us. The psychology that prevented me shooting the mother of a family was not shared by my shikari, and for some time after we were not at one about it. He explained that while there were leopards on the mountain I could expect no game. Nevertheless I was determined not to disturb the cubs, and so there was nothing for it but to look for game elsewhere. Silently, and at a little distance from each other, we sat scouring the grassy patches on the mountain opposite; nothing moved save the shadow

of an eagle that, like a speck below us, winged the midway air. Habiba was the first to speak ; he had for some time past been peering across space to where the snows and rocks joined in misty union ; I heard him mumble into his field-glasses something about brown objects moving and I instantly joined him ; yes, he was right. I could see them myself now, five, eight, a dozen ibex at least, as they moved down a ridge of snow towards their grazing grounds. They seemed so close through the binoculars, yet to reach them on foot would take half the day ; there was nothing therefore to be done but to wait until the morrow and hope that they would again return to the same pasture ; and with this aim in view we returned to camp to make preparations. Little did we know what we were undertaking.

It was still dark when Habiba woke me next morning, but in a little while we were able to see well enough to follow a winding goat track which led to the stream 2000 feet below our camp. The opposite mountain rose steep and rugged for some 2500 feet, ere it slanted upwards into smooth stretches of pasture. We reached these just as day broke. The great crags across the valley that in the pale grey dawn had seemed like dark turrets of a giant's castle now turned to molten copper and then to gold like Hindu gods rising from out of their cold white lairs. At their feet the snow now caught the sun's warm eye and blushed a rosy pink, and in a minute the grassy slopes beneath them showed up like emerald scales upon a dragon's side.

It was the boy Sultana who first distracted my attention ; he had been watching a mackerel sky come drifting up from behind the mountain, the morning sun was touching it lightly. There was something in it that displeased him. 'No good sign,' he said ; but beyond this I could not get out of him what it really was in the cloud that displeased him—not until later did the cause become apparent.

There were among the grasses enormous slot or hoof-marks which had been freshly made. No ibex, however, could be seen. We pushed on uphill until the summit of the spur was reached ; here we passed through a cleft in the rock and found ourselves gazing down into the deep abyss of a ravine 2500 feet below. At the bottom I could just descry the thin white line of a frozen stream. By this long cliff we made our downward way. At first it seemed unreasonable to me that I should be expected to make its descent, yet even as the thought crossed my mind I found myself following my two companions from ledge to ledge, holding on with the tips

of my fingers and hardly daring to look below me. Once, in an endeavour to keep my hold on a shelf of rock less than an inch in breadth, my khud stick slipped from my hand, and I can see the shaft now glance once or twice off the bare surface of the mountain in its downward flight, and then disappear into space.

As mountains go, the Himalayas are considered young, one of their characteristics being a tendency to landslides and avalanches; this is largely due to the crumbling condition of the rock. Thus it not infrequently happens that at these altitudes the mountain side along which you come in the morning has completely altered its appearance through landslide by the time you return in the evening.

The sun was high in the heavens by the time we reached the frozen bottom. I stepped out on to the snow quite unsuspectingly, relying on my grass shoes, but the next instant I was lying prostrate on my back, an object of ridicule to my companions.

We ascended a shaly slope on the opposite side, until by one o'clock we had reached an altitude of well over 15,000 feet, and halted for the midday meal. It had grown oppressively warm. I found it difficult to find a shady spot at midday at the top of these mountains, as the sun seemed to find its way round the largest and most sheltering of rocks, forcing me out to look for another patch of shade elsewhere. On the top of the shale was a huge rocky formation from which we could watch the pastures the herd of ibex had been making for the day before. Up this I now climbed and laid myself down in amongst the crags of rock to observe. There was nothing to be seen with the binoculars, although I searched the rough country around us, but as it was still early I decided to wait through the afternoon until 5 o'clock.

The air was dead still and it had grown very hot; to the west there had gathered a heap of sullen, sable-coloured clouds. I found it a strain watching the rock-strewn parts of the mountains for the movement of ibex hour after hour, and turned to see what the others were doing behind me.

I found them squatting over a slanting slab of stone on which they had placed a heap of snow; by means of a V-shaped ridge of mud on the lower side of the slab the melting snow was conducted and was trickling out over a dock-leaf which had been placed so as to serve as a lip. Thus they provided themselves with a cold drink.

Later Habiba joined me in my observation post, and about 5 o'clock things began to happen.

First to make their appearance were two female ibex accom-

panying some kids. They came over a ridge beyond the grazing grounds just below us, still half a mile or more away, though through my glasses I could see them clearly. One of them climbed on to a large rock, and from this commanding position surveyed the whole landscape for signs of an enemy. She must have given the 'all clear' signal to those below, for now several more appeared from whence the first had come, old ones, young ones, males and females, fifteen or twenty in number. Kids frisking about round their anxious mothers, young males nervously sniffing the air, and one or two big, bearded Kale keeping well in the background, rather more inclined to watch the others graze than to show any undignified haste in breaking their own fast.

They had all reached the top of the rise now and were descending into the nullah which separated them from their pastures.

It was our turn to move, for they were out of sight. Cautiously but rapidly we dropped from our rocky hiding place and raced across the pasture land towards the bank of the nullah which had, for the moment, swallowed up the herd—there was no time to lose, yet I dared not risk getting out of breath; I might have to shoot very accurately in a few seconds at one of the biggest heads that was ever measured; might lose the chance of a lifetime by being too late. It was clearly a case where 'hastening slowly' was the best policy.

The rough, stony edge of the nullah was close at hand now, and in another instant I should have an opportunity of using my rifle—I sank down between two friendly rocks and took a final glance at my sights and safety catch. My pulse beat a furious tattoo in my temples as I drew myself to the brink. To my left, Habiba was already using the binoculars. Brown forms moved in the nullah just below me within fifty yards—just so! They were females; one false move now or a stir in the breathless air might stampede the lot, and all would be lost.

Quite unconcernedly, in almost his ordinary voice, Habiba now discussed the merits of a big head he had sighted on the opposite side of the nullah, and as I contemplated this awkward shot at long range the dull notchy horns of a male just below me attracted my attention. The head was down in a grazing attitude. It was quite a shootable one, but he was endways on to me and presented a poor target. I was in two minds whether or not to shoot, when suddenly the elements solved the problem; a stir came in the air, I felt the cool breeze on the back of my neck. Up came the head, the ears pricked forward in my direction. There came an agony of

indecision whether to shoot; just for a second the odd remarks of casual friends, tips from shooting manuals, diagrams of the vulnerable points flashed through my brain. Then I aimed at the neck, my rifle kicked, and my first ibex toppled, and staggered, and disappeared. There was a panic in the nullah below us; none of the herd had really seen from where the shot had come, and for a short while they could none of them make up their minds in which direction to run. Thus it was that the big Kale which Habiba had first sighted crossed the nullah towards us and met his fate. He was moving up the bottom a hundred yards below me when my second shot struck him 'amidships.' He paused for an instant, then his heavy head fell backwards, and with a snort he sank to the ground, and started to roll down the side of the ravine, followed by a cloud of dust and shale; I must have seen his white belly flash in the sunlight a dozen times ere he finally dropped out of sight into the frozen nullah below.

The rest of the herd now made off up the nullah; high above the rattle of loose stones and shale which their feet dislodged could be heard the shrill alarmed whistle of the dams calling to their bewildered kids to follow. My last recollection of them as they zig-zagged their way up a smooth face of rock still fills me with wonderment, for it must have been well-nigh perpendicular.

I went down into the nullah to take a look at the big Kale which I had so luckily come by, while Habiba went after the one I had first bagged.

I found the ibex lying on a narrow strip of snow some 200 feet below where I had shot him. He was a beautiful specimen, with a handsome head measuring 48 inches.

I was putting away my tape measure when a peal of thunder caused me to look upwards, and almost at the same moment I felt the blast of a moisture-laden breeze blow cold upon my face; a dense black cloud had settled over the mountain tops, and Habiba, calling to me from above, confirmed my suspicions; this was the meaning of the mackerel sky. 'Hazoor'—there was a distinct tone of urgency in his voice—'a storm is coming; we must stay no longer here.' 'But,' I replied, 'what about the Kale?' 'Hazoor! I will come for them later, perhaps to-morrow; the first that was shot has "carried on" into the big nullah. I will find him with the help of the Chiles when I return, but now there is no time to lose; these mountains are not safe when it rains!'

He was clearly anxious, so I joined him as quickly as I could and we set off together.

It was now 7.30 P.M. Large drops of rain began to fall just as we reached the rocky hiding place, where we found Sultana impatiently crouching beneath a sheltering slab. The wind increased, and with it the rain, and by the time we had reached our midday halting place it was a downpour. We quickened our pace as best we could, but it was growing dark and the loose slates of shale were treacherous on a hideously steep incline. Once or twice I lost my footing and slid on my back for a considerable distance, clutching frantically at tufts of grass, or digging my heels into the squelching earth to stay my unwonted progress.

At last we reached the snow-bound nullah which had been the scene of my undignified sprawl only that morning. How much more grim the spot looked now! We gazed up at the forbidding-looking wall before us, dark and dripping rocks; how bold and sheer they rose! discoloured water running from the cracks, oozing from the crumbling portion of the stone, gurgling and gushing out of the crevices. The mountain was not safe to climb. We stood, drenched to the skin, wondering what to do, whither to go. It was just possible that by following down the nullah we might, with luck, find some way out, perhaps into the main ravine which ran below our camp. How far that camp seemed now!

The rumble of shifting rock in the heights above decided us; down the nullah we must chance it. We slipped and slid down into the narrow gorge; I missed my khud stick sadly, but nevertheless we made pretty good headway.

My thoughts changed to lighter subjects of chicken salmi and custard puddings and other things Aziza could make so well. Surely there was still a chance of reaching camp for dinner? How dark it was getting! How hungry I was!

What was it now in front that brought Habiba to a sudden halt? Why did he stand gazing up on either side at the sheer walls of the nullah? He turned to speak—there was despair in his voice. 'No good!' he cried. 'What's no good?' I said impatiently; and as I spoke he pointed into the darkness in front of him, and what I saw caused my spirits to sink below zero. Snow no longer lay in front of us, but in its place the swift dark current of the nullah swept on into the night.

Then, as the storm drew breath for one short instant, I heard the boom of falling water far away in the distance that lay beneath us—we had come to a waterfall!

'What now?' I shouted, for the gale had renewed its vigour. Through my sodden clothing the icy blast was cutting like a knife.

It was clear to me that sleeping out at night 14,000 feet above sea level on a snow-bound nullah, drenched to the skin, meant death. Of course there was nothing to be done but to turn back up the nullah, and I think, to do us credit, we all came to the same conclusion at once. It was a big undertaking, as we were, of course, pretty well exhausted now, and going up the ice and snow was very different from sliding down it.

We had, however, not to go far, for a noise as of the thunder of falling masonry, followed by the roar of shifting earth, caused us to stop. The spluttering of the advancing landslide grew louder—with splitting reports I heard rock rebound off rock, and finally, with an impetus gathered in a thousand feet or more, large boulders crashed into the nullah a hundred yards ahead of us; then came the rattle of the smaller stones and shale subsiding into the narrow way like plastic clay into a mould; and once more the tumult of the tempest reigned supreme.

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Silent and apart we stood, the one before the other, like men doomed to eternal darkness. The encounter had brought more fully to my mind the seriousness of our position; how insect-like we were, trembling in the vault of this bottomless ravine, helpless as flies washed down a drain!

A sudden great doubt came over me; were we three no more to look upon the sun? A mad desire to make a final effort rekindled the failing light within me. Looking around me, I found a slender crevice in the rock, down which a stream of water trickled; it was no more than 2 feet wide in places, but it reached up as far as I could see.

I began to climb, using my finger-nails and toes, so small a hold the rain-washed rock afforded. How I reached the top I cannot tell, but this I know, that the hours that seemed to drag on in that desperate struggle between life and death will remain fresh in my memory until my dying day. After about 100 feet I came to easier climbing, and finally arrived at the summit of the spur; the others followed close behind.

It remains a blur in my memory how we slid down the grassy slopes to the snow-bridge over the torrent which now raged at the bottom of the main nullah.

When we crossed over the water at the foot of the spur on which was our camp I heaved a sigh of relief. But it was all too soon. Our path ran parallel with the stream for some distance through

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a dense jungle of wild roses, fir trees, and wild rhubarb which grew out from among the rocks. On through this wilderness we tried to find our way ; we stumbled into holes and over boulders, sometimes climbing a rock 10 feet high, at other times dropping into a blind chasm hidden by a tangle of undergrowth.

After wandering in this manner for what seemed hours, I at last yielded to the perpetual pleadings of the other two to stop for the night. By midnight it had ceased raining. Habiba and Sultana produced matches and some dried fir bark from somewhere and soon a fire was going. We gathered round it, making the most of its flicker, and presently my tattered socks began to steam, and a glow came into my exhausted limbs.

Towards morning the black cloud wrack broke away, and through dispersing fragments of moisture-haze out shone a ghostly moon. By her cold ray we found our way out of the jungle, away on to the bare mountain slopes, where a friendly goat track took us back to camp.

From the servants' tent a large, brown, chrysalis-like form emitted occasional grunts. This was Aziza ; he had enveloped himself in our spare blankets and was slumbering peacefully. Two camp coolies were likewise enshrouded and asleep.

One member of the camp alone there was who showed signs of sleeplessness and anxiety ; it was Scamp. When first I caught sight of him he looked indeed a miserable object, for judging by his appearance he had spent the whole night sitting outside my tent in the rain. His coat was wet and staring and the cold was shaking him to pieces. As soon as he sighted us round the bend of the spur he crept into my tent, climbed on to the camp bed, and pretended that he had been there all night. I was too tired to eat or think of anything but rest. The day promised to be fine, the wind had dropped, and by the time I had changed into some dry clothes the sun was throwing shafts of light into the eastern sky. I pulled my camp bed out of the tent into the open air, and throwing myself down upon it lay for awhile looking up into the deep cold sky. I felt a smile come over my face and deep down in me I knew that all was well.

I woke again, and now the sun was high in the heavens. I could feel the soft air on my face ; I could hear the crackle of Aziza's fire, and by turning my head just a little I could see the slow fleecy clouds, high up, drifting across the now perfect blue of the sky. Something on the bed moved a little closer to me ; I put my hand down—it was Scamp.

REMINISCENCES OF A HARROW MASTER.—IV.

At the beginning of 1905 I was definitely appointed to take charge of the mathematics of the School under Dr. Wood as the final authority. The position at the time brought with it responsibilities beyond the ordinary, for not only was the traditional method of teaching being called in question in every school, but the organisation of the subject in Harrow was open to much objection, and its position, no longer that of a humble suppliant for admission into the curriculum, was sufficiently strong to compel attention to its demands. There was on the Modern Side—about half the School—a curious and unique arrangement, an entirely separate classification for geometry as apart from arithmetic and algebra. It would have been equally as sensible to have separated the multiplication table from its application, or to have asked men to teach a language without any knowledge of grammar; the very idea of water-tight compartments in these elementary subjects was absurd. They had originated in the beginning of things when mathematics was first given a slippery foothold in a classical sanctuary and the number of its teachers was limited to only one or two; there was now nothing to be said for it *per se*, though its existence had not hitherto been openly scoffed at; and the chance, offered by the first inspection of the School, which took place under the auspices (I think) of Oxford about 1906, was seized. The inspectors commented adversely upon it and the organisation was given up, and with it went the prized grievance of some masters who could only partially subscribe to the famous saying enshrined by Arthur Sidgwick, 'I know nothing of Science, I have never even taught it'—of one especially who was wont to resign his geometry mastership when he met with a problem he could not solve.

Another piece of organisation which was altered during the following years was the separation of the Classical from the Modern Side for mathematical teaching as far as the average boys were concerned. This separation, considering that for the most part the two sides for the greater part of their time were doing much the same work, was a waste of energy and of teaching power, and was given up some years later.

But there were other and more important changes in the offing,

changes symptomatic of the times which involved a consideration of what was the function of mathematics as part of the general curriculum in every school : was it there filling so important a place because it was an instrument of great educational value, a mental stimulus, a help to the imagination, a very real joy to some few, or was its value to be measured by its contribution to the power of getting on in life ? When a school, as any other institution which depends for its full vitality upon popular support, has struck what, in sporting terms, is called a bad patch, it is very impressionable to outside criticism. Harrow was in such a position. A school is a sensitive barometer, and all schools were feeling the desire for change which had been begun during the Boer War, and had been accelerated after it. There was the demand for the abolition of Euclid, not made by a mathematician ; and this was only a peg on which to hang the demand for the abolition of a great deal more ; the pendulum swung far from an idealism right away to the other extreme.

Two mathematical laboratories were established—excellent rooms, and excellently equipped at considerable expense, only possible through the generosity of Mr. Bowen, who had bequeathed his property (including the house he had built for his own residence) to the School. In this house the new laboratories were made ; there we were wont by pieces of cotton to measure the circumference of a reel and to compare it with the diameter, to roll pennies, on the rim of which an ink mark had been made, along a piece of paper and measure the distance between two consecutive marks on it ; we put to the test the laws which govern the equilibrium of levers and applied many such simple experiments. Further, instead of Euclid with his abstract deductive reasoning, we did much practical measurement, we made triangles and parallelograms *ad nauseam*, to given dimensions and measured angles, etc. ; we tried to teach through the world of sense, we passed from the sphere of the abstract to the sphere of the concrete. Personally I had very little sympathy with these so-called reforms to the extent to which we were forced to carry them ; they seemed to me to be not only useless in themselves, but to be contrary to the purpose for which mathematics existed as part of the general curriculum ; mere mechanism was substituted for a training in perception, and it would have been better to strengthen the old which was good than to wander so far away from it ; but *quot homines, tot sententiæ*, and compromise is frequently elevated into a condition for existence. I have, however, been glad

to learn that there has been a revolt from the materialism to which circumstances forced us some twenty or more years ago; the mathematical laboratories at Harrow, hailed almost as the saviour of the study, are no longer used.

This is neither the time nor the opportunity to go at any length into the effect upon mathematics in particular, and upon school work in general, which has resulted from the giving up of so much of the abstract for the concrete. The pandering to the spirit of mere utility in education, to the belittlement of the ideal, never has been beneficial in the long run and never will be. There is already a strong return to the Classics, which were largely given up at the time of which I write. Mean treatment produces mean ideas, and the little practical measurements, suitable for boys of a kindergarten age, was a mean treatment of a great intellectual force. I could never see that they stimulated activity of thought, and in as far as they threw mental training back into the world of sense they seemed to me to be foreign to the real aim of mathematical teaching, even though they might add to academically correct knowledge, and experience proved that they failed to do this; the greatest thing in education is imagination, and this new mathematics tended to destroy it rather than to strengthen it, for it left the path of imagination for that of materialism and fostered the idea that mathematics was an end in itself rather than a means to an end. However, for some years the staff loyally, but without enthusiasm, tried to do work which outside circumstances forced upon it; now it has returned to a more congenial task.

The senior mathematical master's position was not altogether easy, but it had compensations, interesting experiences and acquaintances, among them sometimes the external examiners for the School scholarships; and in this connexion an unusual incident is worth recording. It confirms the statement, believed in as a proverb, that a mathematician cannot add. A distinguished Fellow of Trinity, a man of note in the larger world, since raised to high honour in the State, was an examiner one year; his papers were good and suitable, but when his results were received they showed that the ablest boy, fully expected to be first, was second—this, however, is not unusual; examinations are a poor test of capacity and most unreliable. The important leaving scholarship was awarded to the boy who had been placed first. Later on, when details of the marks of the various papers were received, it was found that the boy who ought to have been first had received no marks

for a certain paper. The examiner was appealed to : could there possibly be any mistake ? would he carefully look again ? He replied with many apologies that he had failed to notice these papers at all, and that their addition upset his order ; and the unexpected had not happened. The subsequent result was strange. When the mistake was brought to Dr. Wood's knowledge, he ruled that the official decision already announced must stand, and in doing so said that he relied upon his memory of a similar case which had been fought out in the Law Courts, where it was laid down that an official decision once given must remain. Thus the boy really not at the top of the list obtained a valuable scholarship which he had not won. The parents of the boy who suffered for the examiner's mistake took the misfortune in a sporting spirit, and accepted it as a matter for regret rather than for anger.

But the strange story is not quite ended. It was the custom to have the same examiner, if his papers had been satisfactory, for two consecutive years ; in asking this one to examine again a special request was made to him to be careful in his final result, as it might be vital to an individual, and would he kindly send in details with his award. When these details were looked into, this time before the award was announced, it was found that nearly all his additions were wrong. This was a very remarkable experience, for the examiner—and he is a man of great distinction—must be constantly dealing with long arrays of figures in which accuracy of a minute order is essential. Accuracy is said to be an essential condition of scholarship. This is not true, for there is no doubt this man is a great scholar, and accuracy appeared to be foreign to his nature.

As I recall this side of my life's work at Harrow the memory comes back to me of two among several very able boys. One had the misfortune to have extremely bad eyesight, so much so that all reading by artificial light was impossible ; he was wont to come to my house during the evenings of the two winter terms, and we talked mathematics together : sometimes trying to tackle without pen or paper problems of some complexity. Perhaps the incident is only worth recording because it was a revelation of the power of visualisation given to or acquired by the blind or the semi-blind ; but if there was any mistake in what we were doing or assuming, he discovered it first, and was always ready with the correction, and frequently arrived at the correct result by what seemed to be an almost uncanny intuition. Later on he was placed first in his

scholarship examination at Cambridge, eventually obtained a fellowship, and now, an F.R.S., is engaged in elaborate research work and writes learned papers involving abstruse calculations, and is as blind as ever.

There was something rather pathetic in his school career : his blindness made it difficult for him to join in the full life, games, and sports. Thrown a good deal on his own resources, he took to smoking as a solace—smoking remains among the most forbidden of school transgressions. That he was in the habit of smoking came to my knowledge ; what was it right to do ? report to his house master ? have him punished—perhaps sent away ? I decided to do nothing but put him on his honour to give up his habit during term time. He promised he would, and I believe honourably kept it and played the game. But owing to altered habits at home, and the very common practice of boys smoking with their parents and their sisters during the holidays, the law about smoking in schools will have to be reconsidered : it seems unnatural not to allow boys to smoke, and the restriction gives an artificial aspect to school rules : why should boys be forbidden to do what their parents fully approve of and often encourage ? Perhaps the days will come when smoking will be a Sixth Form privilege, and then there will be much less smoking in the Public Schools : the Sixth Form boys will see to it that their privileges are not assumed by those who have no right to them.

The story of the other boy is worth telling, partly because it throws a light upon an aspect of the German character that is not too often seen. The boy, a fine mathematician, passed first out of Woolwich in the summer term of 1914. At the suggestion of those in authority at the War Office he went early in July to Germany to study the language—a suggestion that is inconceivable if there had been any expectation in our Foreign Office of war. Later on in the month, when the crisis hurried to its destined end, he received a telegram from his father that he had better return home, and started to return, but on July 28 he was detained at the frontier station by the English Consul—who was, of course, a German—and kept a prisoner, interned at Ruhleben, until December of 1918. Thus he was arrested about a week before war was declared and held during the whole war : a high-handed proceeding quite unjustifiable. Very naturally when peace came his position in the Army seemed not worth retaining ; his chances had gone, he had missed the whole of the experience gained by many of his contemporaries and juniors ;

some of them were in high commands with distinguished war service to their records, and he would now be but a very junior officer. He resigned, went up to Cambridge, and is now a Fellow of Trinity. During the long, dreary, monotonous years at Ruhleben, with a few others he had worked at science, made possible and largely helped by Berlin University, which provided books and apparatus liberally, and gave every assistance within their power; he told me that at the end they had about 4000 volumes. The arresting of him some days before diplomatic relations were broken off and hoping for peace is a pertinent comment upon the question who began the War.

There is no other boy to whom I will here especially refer, not because there are not many whom I should like to recall, rather because the number is so great. In looking over many letters after the lapse of some years it is impossible not to feel how generous boys are, how loyal, how responsive to the trouble which is taken for them. I have previously quoted from Mr. Fletcher's *Life of Dr. Warre* to the effect that a schoolmaster's work is both the highest patriotic function and the highest earthly calling. He might further have added that it is also amongst the happiest of lives. It is (contrary to general estimation) so lacking in the chillness of routine, it is dealing with human life, and human life in its most interesting stage, in its making; all school life is a factory in which is shaped the destiny of the future, for the future is evolved from the hearts and minds of men and women, *i.e.* from education, not from Acts of Parliament, nor from scraps of paper. And if to the profession of teaching there are given few material rewards and few of the recognitions which are prized by their recipients in other walks of life, it is richer in human affection and in happy memories than is the lot of very many careers.

But I pass on to another, and perhaps most important of all, aspect of Harrow life, not hitherto touched upon from inside knowledge—a school house. In 1906 I took charge of a small house, Garlands, four years later of a large house, The Knoll. There were at that time five small houses. Begun during Dr. Vaughan's headmastership, they were primarily intended for boys who were delicate or whose parents might desire that the entrance into the full stream of school life should be more gradual than is possible in a large house. Earlier still, in the time of Dr. Langley, afterwards Archbishop of York and then of Canterbury, there had been several private tutors with whom individual boys had lived, *e.g.* there was a Rev.

Mr. Slade who took charge of the Duke of Dorset, and a Rev. Mr. Birch who took charge of Lord Plymouth, and others, and there were Dames' Houses—the last of them had been held by the mother of the famous Mrs. Besant, and was well remembered by some of the older masters. There were supposed to be nine boys in each small house; every boy had a bed-sitting-room to himself, each with its own fire during the winter terms, at which, to their intense delight, they brewed soup from tabloids, jellies from packets, meats from tins, eaten with relish (sometimes out of a soap dish), only because they set such food before themselves. Their rooms in the warm firelight looked delightfully cosy and saw the beginnings of many a long friendship. There was no fagging. For games all the small houses played together, and from them was selected a team which from the nature of its constitution went down to every school contest with the only excitement as to by how much it would be beaten—not an inspiring incentive.

In addition to being a home for more or less delicate boys the small houses also served as a temporary waiting-place for boys entered for a large house for whom there was no immediate room. In this way they were useful, but whether in other ways they were altogether desirable is open to doubt. They were the first to feel the pinch due to the fall in numbers in the School, but even with their full complement they were lacking in the house spirit; and if without a boy of sufficient standing to be a leader or a ruler or protector of a 'freak,' the latter had a more teasing and nagged-at time than he probably would have had when less noticed among greater numbers. Perhaps as school life is milder in custom and more generous in food and lodging and comfort than in the middle of last century, there is room for one small house for those who are delicate but not for more, and most boys would do better to go at once into a large house; the feeling often found to exist, partly from the lingering atmosphere created by Tom Brown, and partly from the memory of one's own rough school-days, has to-day no justification. There is no hard and exacting fagging and no gross bullying such as that indulged in by Flashman; public opinion is against such things, and boys are too busy and too interested in their full and happy life to have any inclination to be deliberately unkind, much less cruel. There is, of course, a certain amount of fagging; it is the merest platitude that those who hope to rule must first learn to obey, and to learn to obey as a fag is part of the routine that is the essence of the English Public School system and both differentiates

it from that of other schools and is the wonder of other countries. Who shall say it is not that which has so largely helped to make England the most successful colonising nation, and the just ruler of the backward races of the world? The little company in a school house is in one way the most perfect example of the working of an ideal state. All go through the same mill; a prince by birth in the lower school may make the toast for a Sixth Form boy or bring up his coffee and eggs for breakfast, or run his errands, post his letters, or buy his fruit (if fruit is in the fashion for training). No wonder Canning said that no one, however successful, was so great a man as when he was a Sixth Form boy at Eton. They all get the same weekly allowance; all have to dress according to self-ordained social laws of the house. Some may have silk facings to their coats, or wear patent leather shoes, or tie their ties this way or that, but these prized distinctions are signs of superiority, not taken or self-assumed, but willingly accorded and acknowledged. There is no recognition of pride of birth, or inherited grandeur or plutocratic dower; worth is according to ability and character, and character is Fate—the dispensing of the gods.

The large house which Dr. Wood asked me to take charge of had in former days been Mr. Bosworth Smith's, but its great prestige had gone. There were only 26 boys in it, and there ought to have been 40. Further, some men with the missionary spirit strongly developed are able to take with impunity into their house boys of other nationality whose early upbringing and inherited standards are foreign to our English ideals. They are strong enough to impress their own high aims and dominating moral idealism upon the whole. This is comparatively easy, too, when the house is going well and is full of vitality, but very difficult under other conditions. There is indeed much to be said for Mr. Bosworth Smith's patriotic view of his position: he was a trainer as well as teacher—a widely different thing from being merely a teacher. But the legacy with its strange mingling of races, English, Jews, Indians, Egyptians, Persians, which he left to his successor was overwhelming, and for some years The Knoll had not prospered when unexpectedly it fell to my lot to enter into it, unwelcomed and unwanted. The immediately succeeding terms were times of struggle and anxiety. In theory a house-master may be all-powerful in his house, in actual fact he is not. He is so dependent upon his head boy, and when his head boy is not of his own choosing there may exist in a small compass an *imperium in imperio* undesirable and unworkable, with loyalty

divided, a pulling asunder instead of a pulling together, discipline weak, antagonism simmering yet unable to act. However, the proverbial turning in the lane was eventually reached, and no master ever received more sympathetic help than was given to me by the boys in restoring the fortunes of The Knoll. Certainly in scholarship the house during these years had a great record : it won very many of the valuable and coveted school prizes. These were competed for under *noms de plume*, and it was the custom, amid suppressed excitement and sometimes wonder, to open in Speech-room before the assembled school the envelopes which would reveal the names of the successful competitors. One morning in the summer term of 1916, when the envelopes were opened to reveal the winners of six prizes, it was found that all came from The Knoll. This list was unique, but others were nearly as good. The house, too, won many open scholarships at Oxford and Cambridge, was Cock house in sports twice in three years, and second in another year ; its story is just that of the driving power of enthusiasm when it animates any corporate body and is worth recording as a tribute to the boys.

But a school house is, when one comes to think about it, a suggestive anomaly, a collection of boys sent away from home at their most impressionable age to be educated by strangers. It may work well or it may not ; as a rule the practically unanimous opinion is that it does work well and makes for national strength : it turns out a type of citizens easy and pleasant to work with, light-hearted and breezy, good-tempered and generous, with a fine sense of duty and of service, with no desire for praise or for self-advertisement, who paradoxically grumble at their work, but do it with gladness, and step from their school to lead a regiment, or to help in the administration of a province. It is a wonderful system, *a priori* doomed to failure but withal a striking success, so much so that it is not too much to say that it has been in the past the most powerful factor in moulding the English character. But there are elements of weakness, of very marked weakness, in it, one of which may be disastrous—lack of full occupation, whether in work, whatever it is, or in play. What are boys to do, herded together at a difficult age from all sorts of homes, if their energies mental and physical are not rightly employed to the very full ? And just because so much organisation ceases to exist on Sunday, that is a day of special difficulty in Public School life. More harm is done on that one day in a house, and more opportunity for baiting the unpopular, than in all the other

days of the week. As a resource boys in The Knoll were allowed to play tennis and croquet in the garden in the summer term, or to work on their allotments, to the scandal of some parents who did not appear to realise that the do-nothing Sunday of our ancestors did not lead to holiness, and makes no appeal to the young life of to-day in face of all the interesting activities offered to it.

Among the boys in the house during those early years, and head of it for one year, was C. E. B. Ashington, who afterwards made so great a name in the athletic world by breaking all records for the long jump in the University Sports, and later on by winning three events for Cambridge on the same afternoon. Tall, thin, well-made, he was a fascinating runner to watch, with a graceful and effortless action. It seemed as if the very motion itself gave him pleasure and was nothing more to him than the fulfilment of the purpose for which his lithe body had been given him. He won the long cross-country race ($7\frac{1}{2}$ miles) at Harrow with the greatest ease, in spite of the heavy going over the sodden clay fields, and most events in the School Sports. At Cambridge in his last year he only went into residence a few days before the sports in response to the request of the President; and when he asked the President why he wanted him and what he was to do, the latter replied 'I have nobody to run the hurdles.' Ashington volunteered, though the race was new to him, and by winning it created the new and unbroken record of being first in three events on the same day in the Varsity Sports. He was one of the many bright, sunny, happy lives who played the game to the end; his name is among the 1200 on the Harrow Roll of Honour, and it liveth for evermore in the hearts of his many friends.

A house-master gets a glimpse into the varying ways of looking at life, so much so as sometimes to wonder why some parents send their boys away to school at all. One mother wrote thus: 'Please have my boy flogged regularly once a week,' and justified the request by saying that he had not played adequately with his little sister during the holidays; another wished to send a supply of wine into the house for her boy's use. One father did send cigarettes, though he knew smoking was strictly forbidden; yet another supplied a most extravagant amount of pocket money—£40 a term—and failed to see the iniquity in it and the gross unfairness both to his own boy and to all the other boys, even when he was told that this practice must cease or the boy must leave. One parent rang up on the telephone to inquire if her boy, aged seventeen, had begun his

thick winter underclothes, another to ask why her boy had not written home for several weeks. One used to write anonymous letters to complain that the wrong boy had been made head of the house. Some were too willing to leave their boys entirely alone; one such case I recall still with wonder: their boy was very dangerously ill with double pneumonia, and though the parents lived only a few miles away it was impossible to get either of them to come and see him; yet they knew it was necessary to have two nurses to watch him, and the doubt as to whether he would survive—which he did—was very real. But of course all these were the exceptions and belonged to that small class which our shrewd, kind, tactful, ever young matron had in mind when in response to the question at the beginning of one term as to how the new boys were settling down replied, 'The new boys are settling down well enough; the question is how long will their mothers take to settle down.'

It would, however, give a totally false impression if I did not put on record an acknowledgment of the wonderful kindness received from most parents on every possible occasion—and there was such an occasion above the ordinary in the crisis of the great influenza epidemic in the winter term of 1918, when many mothers came to the help of the house-masters in the only, yet the most self-sacrificing and self-forgetful way that could be effective. There were between five and six hundred cases in the school, some very serious, two proved fatal. The sanatorium was full, hospital accommodation was impossible, trained nurses could not be had, many of the servants were ill, and in one house all were down but a young kitchen-maid. Masters and their wives and families were ill too; the disease gripped the whole with a firm and deadly grasp, sparing none. Then, as though a wave of thoughtful kindness touched homes scattered all over the country, came letters with offers of personal service. Ladies, realising that their children were ill, and conditions were very difficult, came to serve, some as cooks, or kitchen-maids or scullery-maids, others as housemaids or nurses or matrons; they did anything and everything, as though it was the merest matter of duty, as is the way in England in cases of emergency. But the memory of it all is very delightful, and quite blots out the darkness of those somewhat tragic days.

(Concluded)

C. H. P. MAYO.

LITERARY ACROSTICS.

THE Editor of THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE offers prizes to the value of at least £3 to the most successful solvers of this series of four Literary Acrostics. There will also be consolation prizes, two or more in number: the winners of these will be entitled to choose books to the value of £1 from Mr. Murray's catalogue. And, further, every month a similar prize of books will be awarded to the sender of the correct solution that is first opened.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 56.

(*The Fourth of the Series.*)

'Tis the

Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone.'

1. 'And plainly and more plainly
Now might the burghers know,
By port and vest, by horse and crest,
Each warlike ——.'
2. 'A jolly giant, who was just setting to work to drink
himself stupid with mead made from narcotic heather
honey.'
3. 'Fate made me what I am—may make me nothing—
But either that or nothing must I be.'
4. 'Snakes coiled round his leg; the fishes swam into his
hand, and he took them out of the water.'
5. 'Panama's maids shall long look pale
When —— inspires the tale.'
6. 'What an —— is sleep, that robs
Poor life of half its value!'

7. 'Rhetoric for all, law for all, physic for all, words for all,
and ——— for none.'
8. 'Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poor household spies;
Or his ——— ears beguile,
So removed by our wile?'

RULES.

1. Only one answer may be sent to each light.
2. Every correct light and upright will score one point.
3. With his answer every solver must send the coupon that is printed on page x of 'Book Notes' in the preliminary pages of this issue.
4. At the foot of his answer every solver must write his pseudonym (consisting of one word) and nothing else. His name and address should be written at the back.
5. Solvers must on no account write either the quotations or the references on the same paper as their answers. It is not necessary, or even desirable, to send them at all.
6. Solvers who write a second letter, to correct a previous answer, must send the complete solution as they wish it, and not merely state the desired alteration.
7. Answers to Acrostic No. 56 should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE, 50A Albemarle Street, London, W. 1, and must arrive not later than April 20.

ANSWER TO No. 55.

- | | |
|------|-------|
| 1. J | ule |
| 2. E | lasti |
| 3. S | tanz |
| 4. T | hunde |
| 5. S | alami |

POEM: Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*,
ii. 2.

LIGHTS:

- | | |
|---|--|
| S | 1. Robert Browning, <i>Pippa Passes</i> , ii. |
| C | 2. Scott, <i>The Lady of the Lake</i> , i. 18. |
| A | 3. Pope, <i>Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot</i> . |
| R | 4. Campbell, <i>Hohenlinden</i> . |
| S | 5. Byron, <i>The Curse of Minerva</i> . |

Acrostic No. 54 ('Dalila Samson'): Two hundred and one solvers sent in their answers, and of these 171 were correct. The third and fifth lights were found by everyone, and the second was the chief difficulty.

The first correct answer opened came from 'Veteran,' who wins the monthly prize. Mrs N. Dumaresq Thomas, Fairfield, Cross-in-Hand, Sussex, will choose books to the value of £1 from Mr. Murray's catalogue.

